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THE PHARAONIC PROTOTYPE OF ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON: A GOLDEN STATUETTE OF TUTANKHAMEN AS HORUS THE AVENGER.

This exquisite statuette, so full of vitality, one of the finest pieces of Egyptian wood-carving ever discovered, was among a number of figures (over thirty) found in chests in the Store Chamber of Tutankhamen's Tomb (see pages 729-731). It is carved in wood, covered with thin sheet gold, and represents the young King as "Horus the Avenger." The god Horus assumed the form of a youth of

superhuman stature, and, in his frail boat, wielded a javelin 20 cubits long, with a chain of over 60 cubits, as it were a reed. With this mighty weapon he smote the vile demon—here supposed to be the typhonial hippopotamus—who lurked in the waters to destroy him and his followers. This unique figure is no less than an early and original form of the legend of St. George and the Dragon.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A SHORT time ago a very prominent capitalist expressed the opinion that all might have been well in China if we had taken away the missionaries and presumably left only the merchants. Personally, I should say (as a slight amendment) that all might have been well if we had taken away the merchants and left the missionaries. But for that minor differentiation, I should be quite prepared to accept the whole sentiment with enthusiasm. I do not mean, of course, that the fault has been all on one side, or that there are no border-lines where the characters are mingled or exchanged. There may have been unpleasant missionaries who merely hag-gled and exploited like merchants. There certainly are unpleasant merchants who preach and moralise like missionaries. But the general distinction remains; and it is one which must be, for any intelligent person, altogether to the advantage of the missionaries. If our civilisation has anything to give the other populations of the planet, it must surely be a matter of giving a man ideas and not merely of selling him trousers or boots or a billycock hat.

As it is, we have suffered from getting the Chinaman to change his hat without in the least changing his head. In the past, as a matter of fact, we have very dangerously neglected the psychology and metaphysics of our relation with the peoples of Asia. Our attitude has neither been imperial nor liberal, but merely illogical. We have insisted on their having machinery and objected to their having machine-guns; we have often allowed them to enter the halls of our own national colleges and then forbidden them to take part in their own national councils; we have laughed at them for wearing their own costume, and then laughed at them again for adopting ours; we have called the Chinaman a Heathen Chinee when he was immovable, and a Yellow Peril when he began to move; we have derided him for being deaf to Europeans, and then accused him of lending an ear to Russians; and finally we express a reasonable apprehension about the destructive danger of his prolonged civil wars, and wind up by saying, with a smile, that they are never anything but sham fights.

One does not need to be Pro-Chinese, still less Anti-European, to see that our neglect of Asiatic problems has here brought us into a rather hazy and irrational frame of mind. The Chinese question is really a serious question, and it is time the Chinaman was considered seriously as he is in himself, and not, as he appeared to our fathers, as the embodiment of something extravagant and extreme at the ends of the earth. I do not propose to deal here with any of the purely political questions of military or diplomatic policy, but I should like to suggest one or two neglected aspects of the philosophy of the whole matter, and to begin by saying that, whoever else is right, I am quite sure that the eminent plutocrat was wrong when he said that all the mischief in China had been done by missionaries.

The European takes a superior tone, but not about the things in which he is really superior. In this matter there is a very queer irony and contradiction, and even a reversal of parts. Not only has Asia borrowed all the wrong things from Europe, but Europe has also very largely borrowed all the wrong things from Asia. To put the matter in a compact and convenient material image, we may take the question

of vesture, especially in the religious form of vestment, and compare it with the religious ideas that are behind the form. As a matter of fact, the costume of many people in the East really is much more beautiful than that of most people in the West. It could hardly be more hideous. But it does, in fact, follow more of the free and flowing and yet traditional lines that are found in the highest culture of Hellas and in all other humanistic moments of humanity. It is generally more natural and yet more symbolic than the costume of modern European people, or at any rate

the Arab beggar who tends to break out into the appearance of the stockbroker, at least in patches. It is the Indian prince who hastily disguises himself as the Birmingham banker. The very ugliest thing that our civilisation ever produced, the costume and habit of the industrial nineteenth century in the big towns, has really spread over the whole world, as Christianity has never spread, as chivalry has never spread, as monogamy has never spread, as democracy and the civic ideal have never spread. We have not succeeded in making the remote Asiatic feel like a Christian, but we have succeeded in making him look like a cad. This seems to me one of the strangest and most sinister of all historical contradictions, when we consider what Christendom has had to give, and what it has given.

But while this blight of vulgarity was spreading from Europe to Asia, something else was also spreading from Asia to Europe. And the strange thing is that this also was a blight. Its influence was not so immediately apparent, nor perhaps so widely distributed, as the mere fashion of Cockney culture and commonplace clothes. But it has been considerable, and, as I think, very deplorable. What has come to us out of Asia, whatever else there may be in Asia, has been despair; it has been all those negative and anarchic ideals of disdain for the individual, of indifference to the romance of real life, of pessimism, and the paralysis of the fighting spirit. It is ideas that have come to us out of the depths of Asia, and especially all the wrong ideas. I know, of course, that there are many other ideas in so vast and complex a continent, and many that are by no means so wrong. But I am talking, not of the ideas that are deepest in Asia, of which I necessarily know little, but of the Asiatic ideas that have bitten deepest into Europe, of which I know only too much. And it strikes me as an astonishing antithesis and reversal that neither of the two great civilisations should have given its best to the other. We have given them a disfigurement, and they have given us a disease.

Now, it is really in the matter of ideas that our own civilisation is superior. There are some who do not believe this, because they always assume that deep ideas must be depressing ideas. They cannot bring themselves to believe, what is the truth, that the deepest of all ideas are inspiring ideas. Of those courageous and invigorating conceptions, the conceptions that make life possible to live; Christendom has had infinitely more than any other culture; more of the idea of free-will; more of the idea of personal chivalry and charity; more of the clean wind of hope. The metaphysics and morals of these things have been worked out by our fathers fully as deeply and delicately as any of the dark and disenchanted metaphysics of Asia. But the European travelling in Asia does not seem to know that he represents these things. He is still under

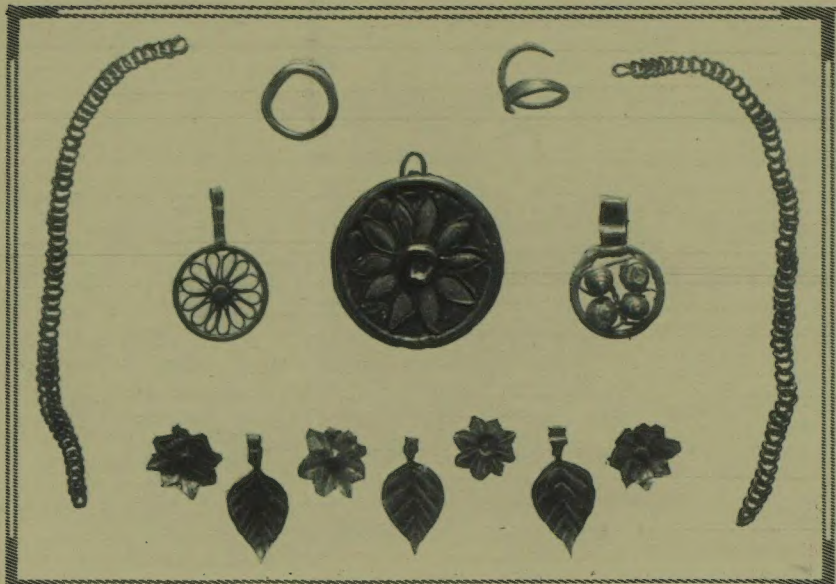
the innocent delusion that he only represents some firm for selling hair-grease or golf-clubs. And when he comes back from the East he is quite as likely as not to be talking Eastern pessimism in the intervals of boasting of Western commercialism. Having never learnt his own religion, he is very likely to learn somebody else's, and that one which is really inferior to his own. If we consider these things, we may possibly begin to see a new meaning in the much-abused word "missionary."



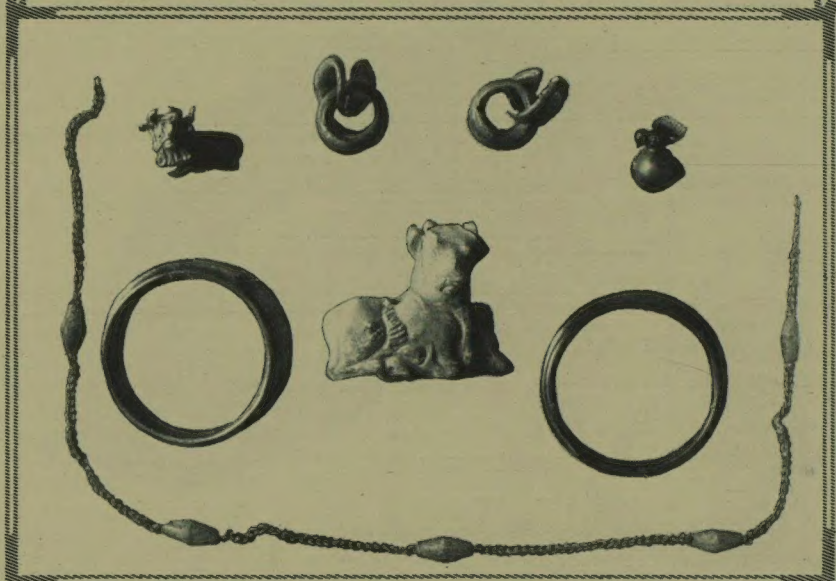
EXQUISITE GOLDSMITH'S WORK OF 5500 YEARS AGO FROM UR OF THE CHALDEES: A NEWLY DISCOVERED DAGGER, WITH SHEATH OF SOLID GOLD, BEAUTIFULLY CHASED, AND HILT OF LAPIS LAZULI STUDDED WITH GOLD. This dagger, "the season's crowning reward" at Ur of the Chaldees, is thus described by Mr. C. Leonard Woolley, leader of the joint expedition of the British Museum and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania: "The hilt is of one piece of deep-coloured lapis lazuli studded with gold; the blade is of burnished gold. The sheath is of solid gold, the front entirely covered with an intricate design in filigree. It is in perfect condition, and to see it gradually emerging from the heavy, clinging soil was well worth a year's labour. Produced at any date, it would have been a marvel of design and workmanship. It is astonishing indeed when we realise that it was actually made nearly 5500 years ago, and is one of the oldest-known examples of the goldsmith's art." The golden "vanity case" found with it is among the objects illustrated on the opposite page.

of modern European males. But that Asiatic element has never spread to Europe. There is no particular probability of stockbrokers in London suddenly appearing in the long peacock-coloured robes that are to be seen on many Arabian beggars. It is not particularly likely that a banker in Birmingham will add to his dignity with a towering turban surmounted by a magnificent streaming plume. These things, in which Oriental humanity has really remained more human, show no particular sign of spreading at all. The tendency, of course, is all the other way. It is

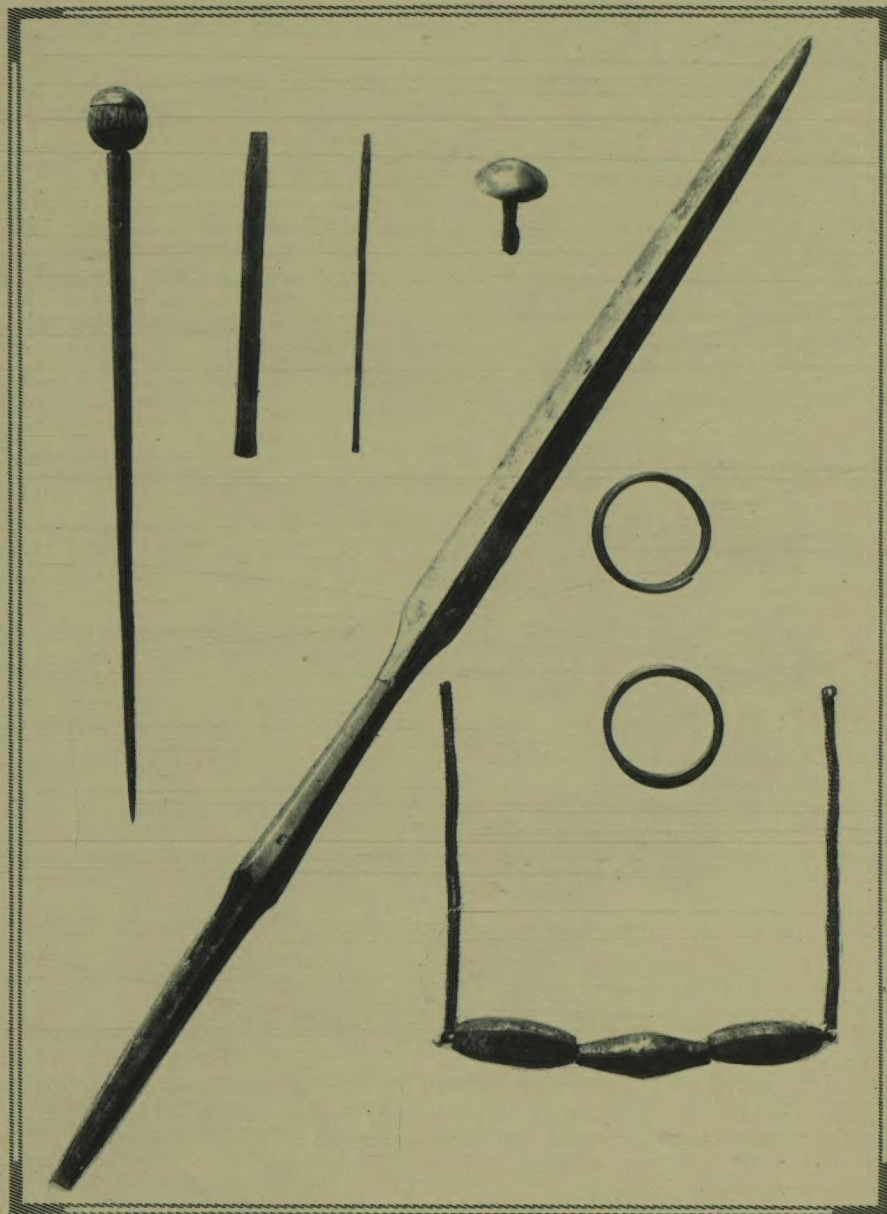
FOR HOME USE 2000 YEARS BEFORE TUTANKHAMEN: UR TREASURES.



BEAUTIFUL JEWELLERY MADE IN MESOPOTAMIA SOME 5000 YEARS AGO: EXAMPLES OF GOLD-WORK FROM RECENTLY EXCAVATED GRAVES AT UR OF THE CHALDEES.



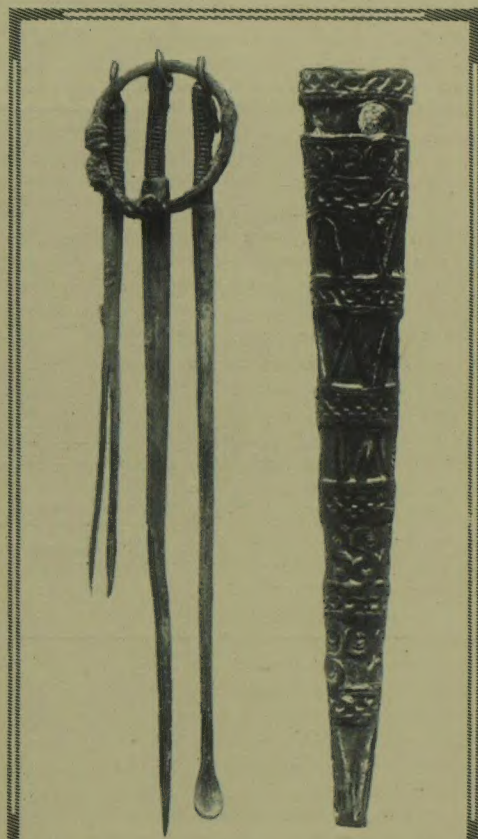
OF WONDERFULLY "MODERN" TYPE: TRINKETS FROM UR, OF ABOUT 3500 B.C.—A GOLD BULL, EAR-RINGS, AND PEAR; A SHELL BULL, AND GOLD AND LAPIS CHAIN.



GOLD OBJECTS FOUND IN THE RICHEST GRAVE AT UR: (L. TO R.) A PIN WITH LAPIS HEAD, CHISELS, NAIL, SPEAR, TYPICAL EAR-RINGS, AND DIADEM OF GOLD AND LAPIS.



A SHELL USED AS A LAMP, AND DECORATED WITH A STONE HEAD AND ENCRUSTATIONS ON THE NECK GIVING IT THE FORM OF A DUCK: ONE OF THE MOST CURIOUS OBJECTS RECENTLY DISCOVERED DURING THE EXCAVATIONS AT UR OF THE CHALDEES.



A 5000-YEAR-OLD PROTOTYPE OF THE MODERN WOMAN'S VADE-MECUM: A GOLD "VANITY" CASE, WITH ITS CONTENTS.

New discoveries of remarkable interest have been made at Ur of the Chaldees, during the latest excavations of the Joint Expedition of the British Museum and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania. As Mr. C. Leonard Woolley, the leader, explains, conditions in Mesopotamia are less favourable than in Egypt for the preservation of perishable things buried with the dead. "Yet we can say," he says, "that from the wreckage of these graves come objects which, although 2000 years older than Tutankhamen, rival even his treasures in artistic merit and in skill of craftsmanship. The richest grave was found at the very

end of the season. There were complete sets of (copper) chisels and bundles of heavy spear-heads, and, with these, two chisels and a spear-head of bright gold. . . . Then there lay scattered in the soil beads and pendants of polished carnelian, lapis and gold, some of them exquisitely worked; . . . and lastly, lying apart, a silver baldric to which was attached a golden 'vanity-case,' enriched with filigree work and containing intact its tiny tweezers, spoon, and stiletto, all of gold hung on a silver ring, and a dagger which was the season's crowning reward." This wonderful dagger is illustrated and described on "Our Note-Book" page opposite.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



ALLURING COLORATION.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THE other day I discussed on this page the significance of "courtship" coloration, as displayed by birds. To-day I propose to say something of another and a very different type of coloration, for this matter of the hues which different animals present is by no means a matter of "accident," though sometimes it would be difficult to say what its particular

flag waves about, it attracts the attention of little fishes seeking a meal. But the slightest touch of the rod acts like the trigger of a gun. Like a flash of lightning the jaws open, instantly to close on their victims.

Deep down in the depths of our great oceans—so deep that no ray of light ever penetrates—in a thick darkness such as we cannot conceive of, live several relations of the angler-fish, some of them in mid-water, some half-buried in the mud; but they, like the Cornish wreckers of old, use light as a lure (Fig. 2). The fishing-rod they bear carries at its tip a bulb, which can be made to give out a powerful phosphorescent glow, so that passing fish are lured as moths to a candle, and presently, touching the rod, are snapped up. Another of these ogres of the deep is *Astronesthes*, of the Indian Ocean. It carries a long thread at the end of the lower jaw, which also bears a luminous bulb at its tip, which can be lighted at will. But the most remarkable of all, perhaps, is the "star-gazer" of the Indian deep sea. For this "welcomes little fishes in with gently smiling jaws" illuminated by a light which is made to shine from the very floor of the mouth. By way of excuse for such treachery, these vampires might plead that they have to make uncomfortably long fasts. They make up for it, however, by taking prodigiously big meals. For they have enormous mouths, and still more enormous stomachs, which will stretch to such an extent that the famishing one can take a fish twice its own size.

Young pit-vipers, too small to catch and hold large prey, carry a lure at the opposite end of the body. The tail, for the space of an inch from its tip, is coloured a brilliant sulphur-yellow. When a suitable victim appears, this lure is set wriggling, causing small birds, lizards, or frogs to rush up for the purpose of seizing what look like worms or maggots. They commonly discover their mistake too late. There is an Algerian lizard which lives on sandy wastes, and closely resembles its surroundings in coloration. But at the angle of the mouth, on each side, is a bright red, fleshy fold of skin which is produced into a flower-like shape, exactly resembling a little red flower which grows in the sand. So close is the likeness that insects, attracted by the prospect of a sip of nectar, alight by this mouth—and are promptly captured.

bright pink colour, its large flat abdomen looking like the flabellum of an orchid. On each side the two hindmost legs have dilated and flattened thighs, representing the petals, while the neck and fore-legs imitate the upper sepal and column. Thus disguised, it rests motionless among the green leaves. Passing butterflies and other insects, with the prospect of a draught of nectar before them, promptly alight, and in an instant are seized in a deadly embrace, and forced against the ruthless jaws of this living death-trap.

There is a European species of the genus *Empusa*



FIG. 1.—ALLURING COLORATION IN THE INDIAN MANTIS: AN INSECT RESEMBLING A BRIGHTLY HUED FLOWER WHICH ATTRACTS SMALLER INSECTS AND DEVOURS THEM.

After Poulton.

The Indian Mantis, *Hymenopsis bicornis*, in its active pupa-stage mimics, with extraordinary fidelity, the appearance of a brightly coloured flower. Insects coming for a sip of nectar are promptly seized and eaten.

significance may be. As a rule, however, this is not so, for it can be shown that the colour is directly connected with the mode of life which this or that animal, by force of circumstances, is compelled to live.

The case of "alluring coloration" well illustrates this contention. Let me take, for example, the North American snapping-turtle. Living, as it does, half buried in the mud at the bottom of a stream, the exposed portion of its shell becomes covered with a thick growth of green confervæ, so that it is, thus far, "protectively" coloured—for aggressive purposes—after the fashion of the wolf in sheep's clothing. When small fishes pass by, it thrusts out its tongue, which is provided with two red filaments at its tip. These are gently waved about, and look like two juicy worms. But no sooner is an attempt made to seize them than the mouth opens, as if by a spring. As a consequence, there is a sudden inrush of water into the mouth, carrying the deluded victims with it without a chance of protest or resistance.

The "angler-fish," or "fishing-frog," which one sees sometimes on fishmongers' slabs, furnishes another most striking case of this kind. As we see it thus displayed, it is a most repulsive-looking creature, almost all head and mouth, and flattened out as though it had been under a press. It lives on the sea-floor, half-buried in sand or mud, and takes care to remain absolutely motionless. Round its lower jaw is a fringe of loose tabs of skin, and on the top of its head, just above the snout, is a very singular fishing-rod with a bait at its tip, formed of a loose flap of skin. This is held straight up, and, as the small



FIG. 2.—LURING FISH, AS MOTHS TO A CANDLE, WITH ITS PHOSPHORESCENT "ROD": THE DEEP-SEA ANGLER, AN "OGRE" OF THE OCEAN ABYSSSES.

After Jordan.

The Deep-sea Angler, *Corynolophus reinhardtii*, is but one of many species that have transformed their waving flags into luminous lures, which can be made to glow, at will, with a phosphorescent light.

A much more elaborate flower-lure is that of one of the mantises (Fig. 1), an insect related to the grasshoppers, but which lives in thickets and trees where gaily coloured flowers grow. This creature is of a



FIG. 3.—THE JAVAN SPIDER THAT SPINS A WEB ON A LEAF AND SETTLES ON IT TO RESEMBLE A BIRD'S DROPPING: A DIABOLICAL METHOD OF ALLURING BUTTERFLIES.

From Pycraft's "Camouflage in Nature."

The Javan Spider, *Ornithoscatoides decipiens*, with the aid of a silken web and the appropriate coloration of its body, assumes the likeness to a bird's dropping which has fallen slant-wise on a leaf.

which mimics the greenish-white flower of an anemone, coloured at the edges with rose. I should certainly never have seen it, says its discoverer, if it had not moved. The legs were widely spread, the head and body directed downward, like the stalk of a flower, the delicately coloured wings slightly spread out over the abdomen. In this position, at each approach, it began to move the wings to and fro, like a flower swaying in the breeze. These movements probably serve to catch the eyes of passing insects, and presently their bodies.

The cunning of the spider is proverbial. But the case I am about to cite is surely unsurpassed for diabolical ingenuity. This belongs to a species found by Dr. H. O. Forbes in Java (Fig. 3), and by that extraordinarily acute naturalist, the late Hon. N. C. Rothschild, in Ceylon. The whole story would take too long to tell now, but briefly the facts are these. It first of all spins a silken web of irregular form on a leaf, with one portion of the web ending in a point overhanging the edge of the leaf. Then it settles down in the middle, when its dark body, enlivened with white, creates the semblance of a bird's dropping which has fallen slantwise on to the leaf, and, being fluid, has run down it. Here it waits, till presently a butterfly, attracted by the prospect of moisture, settles down and applies its proboscis. Immediately it is seized and brought by the legs to the deceiver's jaws. She wastes no time in blandishments, makes no persuasive invitation to "walk into her parlour," but simply waits for her victims to come straight down into her embraces.

There is another spider which assumes the coloration of the buds of the wayfaring-tree. Pure white in coloration, the abdomen exactly resembles the buds of the flowers among which it has taken up its station and there awaits its victims. Flies, it seems, are especially attracted to these buds, often discovering too late that some mistake has been made.

BIG-GAME HUNTING IN AFRICA: VIII.—THE BUFFALO.

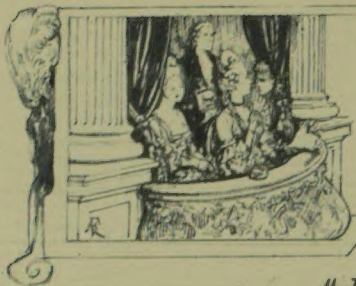
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CONSIDERED MOST DANGEROUS OF AFRICAN BIG GAME, FOR HIS CUNNING AND KEEN SIGHT: THE BUFFALO.

Many experienced hunters consider the buffalo the most dangerous of all African big game. Not only does he see much better than the elephant or rhino, but he is more cunning, and has some very nasty tricks when wounded. A bull, when hit, has been often known to make off through the bush or tall grass, and, having gone some considerable distance, to make a *détour*, which has brought him on to his back tracks again. He then lies down completely hidden in the grass or undergrowth until the eager hunter appears following the spoor, whereupon he immediately charges out at him without warning. I do not believe that a herd of buffalo will deliberately charge; they usually become panic-stricken and make themselves scarce as soon as possible. Very often they will all run straight at the

hunter, when they are not sure which way to go, but, if he has the presence of mind to shout and wave his hat, the herd will part in the middle and turn off to either side on seeing him. An Egyptian official told me that he was riding his donkey through the bush in the Sudan when he was charged by a large herd of what he thought to be cattle. With great presence of mind he opened his umbrella in their faces, and this terrified them so much that they bolted. He afterwards learned that they were buffalo, and the story was amplified somewhat in the telling. The larger drawing shows a bull buffalo leading a herd through the grass and becoming suspicious. The top right-hand drawing shows a wounded bull leaping off at the impact of a bullet.



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



"ABIE'S IRISH ROSE."—CÉCILE SOREL ON "HOW TO ARRIVE."

WE all cheered Miss Anne Nichols, the author of "Abie's Irish Rose," even more for her pluck than her play. Hers is a case of belief. In America, at first, the little comedy was a failure; then she gathered her remaining shekels and ran it at her own risk. That was six years ago. To-day, uncontradicted rumours have it that she has made

contains a message—unobtrusive, yet significant, and accessible to all sorts and conditions of men, because in these days of many dissensions it upholds belief in that humanity which makes life still worth living.

For a person gifted with magnetism, there are no obstacles, no unattainable heights; for in himself he realises all the contradictory elements necessary to success.

"We should never believe all that is said of an artist who has 'arrived'; he got to the top of the tree because he was born with a conscience, love of work, and ambition. Without trying his magnetism on one and all, the artist will choose, first and foremost, those who can help him in his career. He begins with the great ones who are attracted by his power. As soon as an artist of quality appears, he both attracts and repels to a violent degree. People either try to help him or oppose him. Both these influences are necessary.

"Our friends as well as our enemies are useful to us. The latter, often cruel, seek for our faults, find them and disclose them to us, and incite us to correct them. If our enemies, by their adverse criticism, help us to perfect ourselves, our friends realise the same effect by exalting us. They fire our ambition, without which no one can become a true artist. For, far from being a fault, ambition is a great quality, and should be looked upon as a duty. Lacking ambition, a man misses the best in himself. He is like a miser who hoards his treasure, or a farmer who allows his land to lie fallow. Our great masters, by reason of their achievements, should inspire us to follow in their wake. The ambition they awaken in us is accompanied by the desire to admire, without which there is no greatness.

"To respect all superiority, in whatever form it is presented to us, is one of the first precepts in an artist's career. One should learn to admire anyone who in his work plays an exceptional part. Without petty envy or small-minded jealousy, with an open mind, one should be carried along with the tide that sweeps through great lives—enthusiasm."

That player of many parts on the stage and in society, the Comtesse de Ségur, better known as Cécile Sorel of the Comédie Française, has lately delivered a series of interesting lectures on the Drama. She speaks with authority, for she is not only the *grande dame par excellence* of the French stage—to say nothing of her supremacy in the arts of millinery and toilette—but she is a writer and orator of uncommon gifts and great penetration, based on a long experience. In fact, so adroit is she with the pen that a naughty young French critic once said of her, after one of her lectures at the Société des Annales: "If Cécile were as fine an actress as she is a lecturer, she would be the foremost dramatic critic of our time." As it is, despite divided opinions on her histrionic achievements, she is undeniably an outstanding figure in the Parisian artistic world, a compelling personality, and, in the school of Molière as well as the modern society-play, an exponent of great ability. Her latest address I found so stimulating, so informing for the general reader, the student, and the theatrical profession in particular, that I ventured to translate its salient chapter. Mme. Sorel said:

"As Fate wills it, the young girl attains the age when she is taken to the theatre. The play may be nothing, just a simple show in some barn or booth with flaming torches, or in a suburban theatre with fifth-rate actors. What does it matter? It is the theatre, with its magic, its entrancing atmosphere, its glamour. It spells oblivion for the spectators longing to dream; it is ecstasy for the heart of the artist. It gives the latter the chance to act, to be emotional, to express himself. When he feels that it lies in his power to uplift his audience only too ready to be carried away, then the artist born attains the desire of his life. The numerous crowd, dangerously attractive, can be compared to the sea. It ebbs and flows. To be there on the stage, to be at once the inspiration and the ideal of that vast throng, this is the fever that animates the actor. He can no more be held back. Everything he does, all his thoughts, tend to satisfy his listeners.

"In vain the parents talk of a suitable marriage, of a settled life, the dangers that beset her; the young girl refuses to listen to these sensible suggestions. Her fear grows as she hears of the difficulties that will beset her path. But her desire doubles her strength of purpose, and she advances towards the instruction and the events which will enable her to gain her end. She does not deceive herself. She knows that what she needs above all to ensure success is what the Americans call "fascination"; in other words, magnetism. To be magnetic, this means to possess, besides all other qualities of physical or intellectual attraction, the power to influence by her actions, whether violent or otherwise, those who approach her and to carry them away irresistibly.

"If you have ever been at a railway station, waiting on a platform, when an express passes, you feel imperatively drawn along with it by the force of its rapidity, its great strength and vitality; the same happens when a regiment defiles before you with a band leading it. The harmony of its rhythmic march, the strength which unites all these men making for the same goal with the same step, the same desire in their minds—it is irresistible. Without knowing why, forgetting oneself entirely, attracted, one follows them fascinated. That is magnetism—energy pursuing its aim with disciplined force. What an example! One may possess beauty, intelligence, genius even, but one attains nothing if one lacks magnetism.



"THE CONSTANT WIFE," MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S NEW PLAY AT THE STRAND THEATRE: MISS FAY COMPTON AS CONSTANCE MIDDLETON.

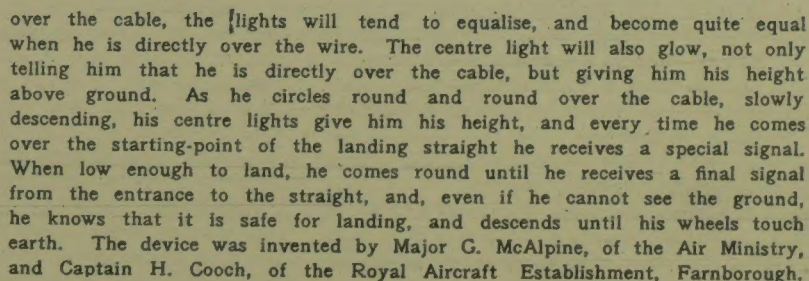
a million pounds profit—the vastest author's reward in the world's history. Twelve companies are still performing it in the States on the road; and now London has accepted it with such enthusiasm as heralds a fairly long life. That was, as the author said in her modest little speech, the crowning effort she had been longing for.

Now, what is the reason of this unprecedented success? Compared with "Potash and Perlmutter," this play is merely ingenuous, while the other, in its penetrating racial study, was ingenious. The story, in two words, is: a secret marriage of a nice Jew-boy and a pretty Roman Catholic Irish girl; ructions of the two widowed fathers, as opposite as the poles, not only by religion, but by nationality; independence valiantly fought for by the young couple; the birth of twins—a boy and a girl—and reconciliation of all parties concerned—on a Christmas Eve, too!—because—well—because blood is thicker than water, and since time immemorial babies have been great peacemakers in family feuds. Miss Nichols tells this simple tale in a most archaic manner—the third act is almost a fairy-tale episode—but she studs it with countless touches of that peculiar Jewish humour that never fails to create merriment—if not exactly for what is said as for the quaint racial manner of saying it. Above all, Miss Nichols knows how to strike the human chord, and to shed balm on the relationship between Jews and Gentiles. There is a scene in the second act, between the Rabbi and the Priest, both ardent partisans of the lovers and peacemakers between the fathers, which in its simplicity and sincerity of sentiment went straight to the heart of the audience. These two rapidly become friends; they understand one another; they have both been in the war, faced peril and death, and on the battlefield they have felt intensely that above human differences there is one God ruling the destiny of all, and that this power makes for peace and goodwill. Their discussions culminate in the memorable phrase: "If only the Irish and Jews could get together, they could put a corner in the world"—which, in its wider sense, pleads for a better understanding independent of creeds. The public at first laughed at this sentence, then applauded it vigorously. It was recognised that this play



A NOTABLE TENOR WHO WILL APPEAR FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ENGLAND DURING THE GRAND OPERA SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN: MR. JOHN O'SULLIVAN.

Mr. O'Sullivan, an Irishman from Cork, will be heard for the first time in England as Raoul in "The Huguenots." The rôle is particularly exacting, for in the fourth act it reaches to C sharp. When the famous tenor Nourrit sang Raoul on the first production in Paris, he gave the now celebrated phrase in a species of falsetto. Then a rival, Duprez, sang the high C sharp with a full-chest voice, to the astonishment of the audience, and the displacement of Nourrit. Mr. O'Sullivan, following Duprez and Tamagno, sings it full voice. He will also be the Otello to Lotte Lehmann's Desdemona; and he will be the Unknown Prince to Maria Jeritz's Turandot.



In the Great Solitudes: Rasmussen and the Eskimos.

"ACROSS ARCTIC AMERICA." By **KNUD RASMUSSEN.***

IN the tent of Igjugarjuk, Wizard and Chief of the Padlermiut, the Willow Folk, "a powerful gramophone struck up and Caruso's mighty voice rang out." In the tiny camp was "the worst kind of tinpot stores and canned provision culture." The women rejoiced in watches hanging from their necks—cases for some, sections of the "works" for others. At summer time in Chesterfield, "the handsome dresses of caribou-skin, so admirably suited to the racial type of the wearers, and to their surroundings, had given place to the cheap and vulgar products of the trading station. The men went about in jerseys and ready-made slacks, their flowing locks surmounted by a cheap cloth cap, while the women had exchanged their quaint swallow-tailed furs, long boots and baggy breeches, for shapeless European dresses of machine-made stuff, in which grace and character alike were utterly obliterated."

On the sleeping-place of a hut on Adelaide Peninsula sat "a young woman cross-legged, her magnificent caribou furs partly covered and utterly effaced by a horrible print apron. Her hands were covered with cheap-jack rings, a cheap cigarette was held between two fingers, and she breathed out smoke from her nostrils as she leaned back with the languid insolence of a film star." At a village described as *Inuit amigaitut*—a "whole world of people"—there was a chimneyed Dance-House, Temple, and centre of festivities generally; and the snow huts were "altered out of all recognition as Eskimo dwellings by the metal stoves and their long chimney pipes sticking up through the roof."

At Nome were assembled "Eskimos from all parts of Alaska; the entire population of King Island, the so-called Ukiuvangmiut, the inland Eskimos from Seward Peninsula, the Qavjasamiut, the Kingingmiut from Cape Prince of Wales, the Ungalardlermiut from Norton Sound and the mouth of the Yukon, the Siorarmiut from St. Lawrence Island, and, finally, natives from Nunivak Island. They had come in for the tourist season. Some lived in gold-diggers' cabins, but most of them in tents, and great camps had sprung up at either end of the town, where the Eskimos worked away making 'curios,' quaint carvings in walrus-tusk, a form of industry which might bring in three to four hundred dollars in the course of one summer, enough to purchase necessities for the winter with which to return home."

On such occasions Rasmussen realised that he was a hundred years too late; but compensation was his when—travelling the white wastes with dog-sledges whose iron runners were ice-shod with a frozen paste that had been made of water-softened peat—he gained the goodwill of the primitive dwellers in the wild, shared their skin tents and snow huts, interested them in the "talk-marks" that were his notes, and fought the bitter fight typified by the snow knife: "You go off to visit a friend who lives five minutes' walk from your door. If you lose your way it is death, unless you have your snow knife, which of course you are not foolish enough to leave behind. Armed with this, you have only to build yourself another little house by the road-side, and here you can settle down in safety, if not in comfort, until the weather clears."

Many a time and oft was he thankful that he could conjure magic from the words: "I speak with the mouth of Qeqertuanaq, and say: I will walk with leg-muscles strong as the sinews on the shin of a little caribou calf. I will walk with leg-muscles strong as the sinews on the shin of a little hare. I will take care not to walk toward the dark. I will walk toward the day." His journeyings were hazardous, his hardships not a few; but he won his reward in a fine store of lore and legend, habit and custom, for the enrichment of ethnography. Generally, it was a question of persuasion, of confidence; now and then it was barter. Men and women contributed, and, especially, the *angakoqs*, the wizards.

Close to the Magnetic Pole, where the snouts of

seal-skulls pointed the way of the hunters, trade goods were unpacked for the delectation of those who possessed coveted amulets. The explorer describes the dealing. "There were brand new glittering needles, taken out of their papers and laid in a heap, there were knives and thimbles, nails and matches and tobacco—little ordinary everyday trifles to us, but of inestimable value to those beyond the verge of civilisation." By the evening, women had responded, offering skins. A lecture was necessary before it was understood that charms were sought.



CATCHING FISH THAT ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE IMMORTAL SOULS: ANGLING FOR ARCTIC COD.

"The small Arctic cod is found in great numbers round Kent Peninsula, and is used for winter stores as well as for feeding the dogs. The cod is supposed to have an immortal soul which returns to the sea when the body has been eaten. If the fish are laid out in a circle with heads facing inwards towards the hole in the ice, the fisherman will be standing in the middle of a shoal; the cod keep on coming back to be caught on the hook anew."

Reproductions from "Across Arctic America," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The women went away. Next morning a girl strolled casually towards the hut, and hesitated. "I had noticed her the day before, admiring some of our beads," writes Rasmussen. "We invited her to come in, and she crawled through the passageway with all the amulets she was wearing on behalf of her son—when she should have one. Women rarely



HOUSES SET ON PILES MADE FROM DRIFTWOOD: THE ROCK-SIDE DWELLINGS OF ESKIMOS ON KING ISLAND, IN BERING STRAIT.

wear amulets on their own account. The Eskimo idea is that it is the man and not the woman who has to fight the battle of life, and, consequently, one finds little girls of five or six years old wearing amulets for the protection of the sons they hope to bear—for the longer an amulet has been worn, the greater is its power.

"This girl, whose name was Kuseq, now handed me a little skin bag containing all her amulets, newly

removed from various parts of her clothing, where they were generally worn. I took them out and examined them, a pitiful little collection of odds and ends, half mouldy, evil-smelling, by no means calculated to impress the casual observer with any idea of magic power. There was a swan's beak—What was that for? Very sweetly and shyly the girl cast down her eyes and answered: 'That I may have a man-child for my first-born.'

"Then there was the head of a ptarmigan, with a foot of the same bird tied on; this was to give the boy speed and endurance in hunting caribou. A bear's tooth gave powerful jaws and sound digestion; the pelt of an ermine, with skull attached, gave strength and agility; a little dried flounder was a protection against dangers from any encounters with strange tribes. She had still a few amulets besides, but these she preferred to keep, so as to be on the safe side." The exchange was beads for a complete necklace, two needles, and a sewing-ring. At once there was a "run" on the shop!

Several hundred amulets were surrendered. The collector writes of them: "Among those most frequently occurring and considered as most valuable were portions of the body of some creature designed to convey its attributes; as the tern, for skill in fishing; foot of a loon, for skill in handling a kayak; head and claw of a raven, for a good share of meat in all hunting (the raven being always on the spot when any animal is killed); teeth of a caribou, worn in the clothing, for skill in caribou-hunting. A bee with its brood sewn up in a scrap of skin gives 'a strong head'; a fly makes the person invulnerable, as a fly is difficult to hit. One of the few amulets worn by women on their own account is a strip from the skin of a salmon, with the scales along the lateral line; this is supposed to give fine long stitches in all needlework."

Excellent; but the local medicine-man intervened. Rasmussen records: "It was plain, he said, that I must be a man of remarkable power myself, and a lock of my hair, for instance, would be most valuable as an amulet in the event of trouble with spirits later on. He suggested that I should give a piece to each of those who had traded with me. . . . We compromised . . . with a few locks of hair for the most important customers, the rest being satisfied with bits of an old shirt and tunic divided amongst them. The actual hair-cutting was the worst part of it, each lock being shorn, or rather, sawn, off by the wizard himself with a skinning knife, and not over sharp at that. Scissors were unknown among these people."

In such, and in less painful, ways was Science served; and in such manner Knud Rasmussen gives to the world a part of the experiences that were his when he traversed the old epic route followed by the ancient emigrant from Siberia to America. "The Eskimo is the hero of this book," he insists. "His history, his present culture, his daily hardships, and his spiritual life constitute the theme and the narrative. Only in form of telling, and as a means of binding together the various incidents, is it even a record of my long trip by dog-sledge." That is a summing-up at once true and insufficient; for it conveys nothing of the fascination of the facts set down. How potent these are is made more evident when it is remarked that "Across Arctic America" chronicles the sayings and the beliefs of wizards and wise men and simpler folk, the doings of the hunters and their wives—possibly bought for a wooden sledge if pretty, a bit of lead and an old file if merely comely—myths and migrations and tabus, hunting and housewifery; with much concerning the fallen stone houses of the mysterious "giant" Tunit, food varying from larvæ of the caribou fly to the sacred muzzle of the caribou, native architecture, the training, initiation, and methods of "wise men," trading and dancing, and other vital matters; even the cannibalism forced upon, at all events, one starving tribe. And, said Igjugarjuk: "All true wisdom is only to be found far from the dwellings of man, in the great solitudes; and it can only be attained through suffering. Suffering and privation are the only things that can open the mind of man to that which is hidden from his fellows." E. H. G.

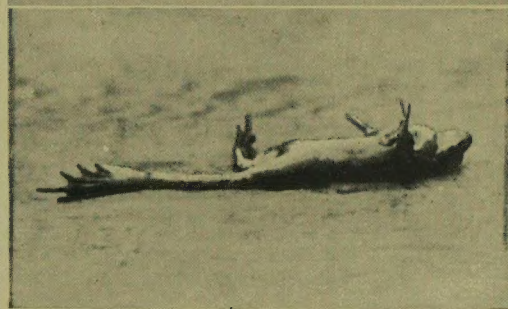
* "Across Arctic America: Narrative of the Fifth Thule Expedition." By Knud Rasmussen. With sixty-four illustrations and four maps. (G. P. Putnam's Sons; £1 1s.)

HYPNOTISM OF ANIMALS: FROGS, HENS, SQUIRRELS, DOGS, AND CRAYFISH.

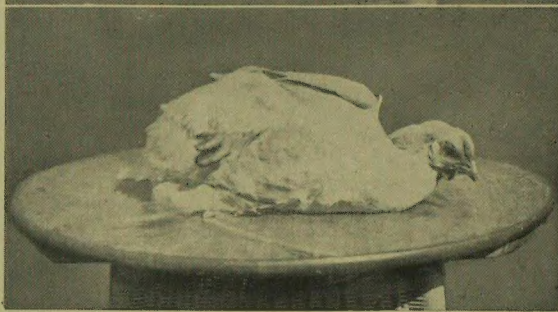
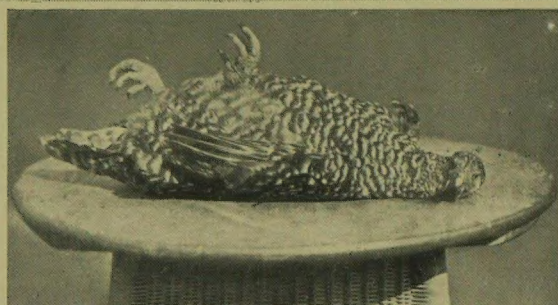
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PROFESSOR BASTIAN SCHMID.

DISCUSSING the hypnotism of animals in connection with his remarkable photographs, Dr. Bastian Schmid, a well-known German scientist, writes: "The first attempt was made by a Professor of the University of Altdorf (about 1635) called Daniel Schwendter. He tied the legs and wings of a fowl together, and put it on its back on the ground. He then pulled its neck, and pressed its beak down, and held the bird thus for a time. Then he drew a chalk line near the beak. When he freed the bird it lay there quite quietly, and he concluded that the fowl felt it was bound by the line. This experiment was considered as an *experimentum mirabile* by the Jesuit Father, Athanasius Kircher, and by the educated Europe of that day, and was often imitated by those practising black magic. In 1857

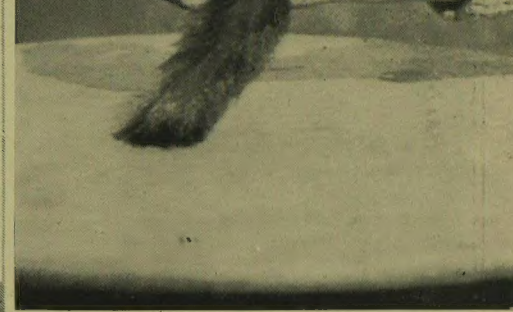
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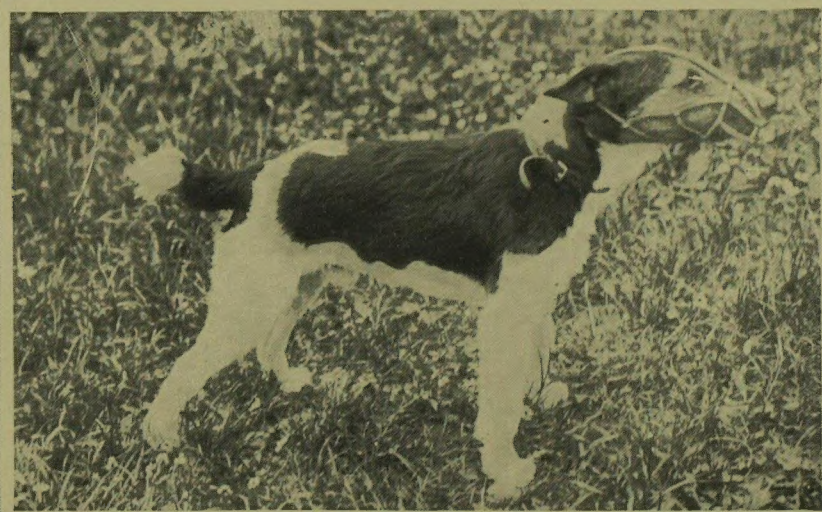
1. A FROG HYPNOTISED BY BEING HELD VERTICALLY AND LAID DOWN: A STATE IN WHICH THE LIMBS CAN BE PLACED IN ANY ATTITUDE.



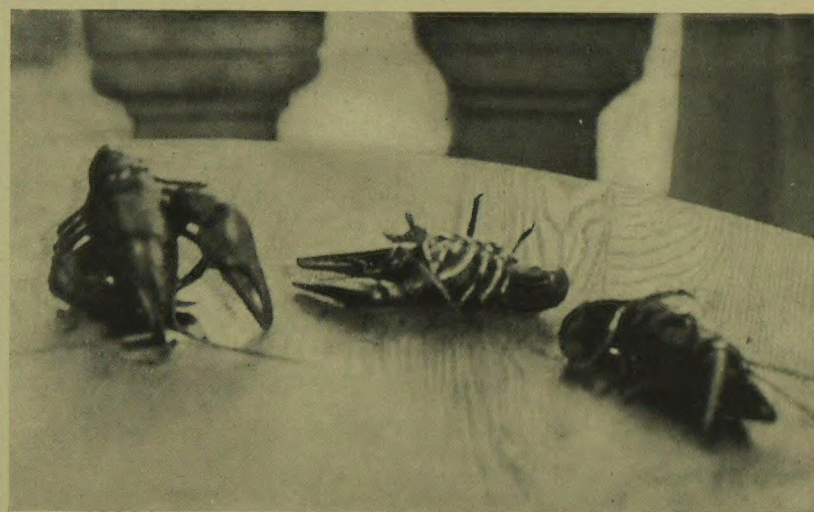
2. HENS HYPNOTISED BY BEING HELD DOWN WITH WINGS PRESSED CLOSE AND HEAD PRESSED DOWN: THREE POSITIONS—THE WHITE HEN WAKING.



3. A SQUIRREL HYPNOTISED BY BEING RAPIDLY SPREAD OUT ON ITS BACK AND ROLLED UP: TWO VIEWS—THE EYE OPEN, AS IN HENS.



4. A DOG HYPNOTISED: A YOUNG ROUGH-HAIRED TERRIER THAT BECAME QUITE MOTIONLESS WHEN THE MUZZLE WAS PUT ON, IN SPITE OF BEING CALLED AND TOUCHED, AND REMAINED SO TILL ITS REMOVAL.



5. A RIVER CRAYFISH HYPNOTISED: A STATE IN WHICH IT REMAINS MOTIONLESS WHETHER IT BE PLACED ON ITS HEAD, BACK, OR SIDES, AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE ABOVE PHOTOGRAPH.

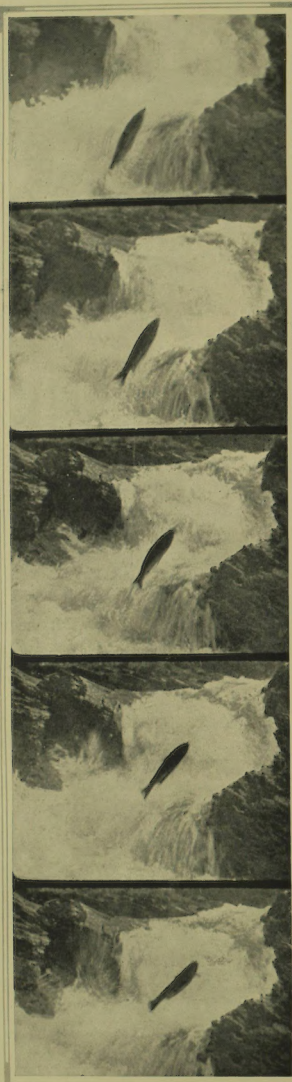
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Czermak showed that the tying of the legs was superfluous. Now we merely take the fowl by the roots of the wings, or else hold it with one hand on its back so that the wings are pressed close to the back, and then press the head slightly downwards, and the hen is quite motionless. There are many methods, and I obtained immovability by laying a hen on its side. . . . Amongst mammals those that can be hypnotised are rodents, such as rabbits, mice, and squirrels; goats, young pigs, bats, dogs, and cats. The squirrel is rapidly spread out on its back and then rolled up (No. 3). This position it keeps for two to four minutes. Its eyes remain open. Dogs keep their eyes partially closed, but open them in a

trammelled condition (No. 4). . . . Frogs are picked up and held vertically for a little while and then laid down. Their limbs can then be placed into the most varied attitudes and their webs stretched (No. 1). If we hypnotise a river crayfish, he can then be put on his head, back, or sides (No. 5). . . . How can we explain this state of motionlessness in animals? Whereas human beings can only be put in that state by psychical influence, animals are affected by mechanical influence. It has not been found possible to put higher mammals (dogs and cats) in the same condition of sleep as human beings. . . . Would it be impossible to hypnotise dogs psychically? I am doubtful. My experiments show signs of this influence."

WILD LIFE OF THE FAR WHITE NORTH: BEAST, BIRD,

AND FISH IN THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS AND ALASKA.



1. THE RED SALMON OF ALASKA ON THEIR UPWARD PILGRIMAGE TO THE SPAWNING GROUNDS: FISH LEAVING OVER RUSHING WATERFALLS IN THEIR ASCENT.



2. AN AIR-RAFT OR RUBBER BOAT FOR EXPLORING ICEBERGS: A CRAFT WEIGHING ONLY 11 LB., BUT BUOYANT ENOUGH TO CARRY HALF A TON



3. A FUR-SEAL BULL ON ST. PAUL ISLAND, IN THE PRIBILOFS: MASTER OF A HAREM UP TO 100 WIVES, ACCORDING TO HIS FIGHTING QUALITIES.



4. THE TUFTED PUFFIN, OR SEA-PARROT: A STRANGE BIRD WITH YELLOW CURLS AND A HUGE ORANGE AND RED BEAK, DEVELOPED BY CRACKING SHELL-FISH.



5. A BLUE FOX AT HIS OWN FRONT DOOR: THE DOG-LIKE LITTLE ANIMAL OF THE PRIBILOF ISLANDS.



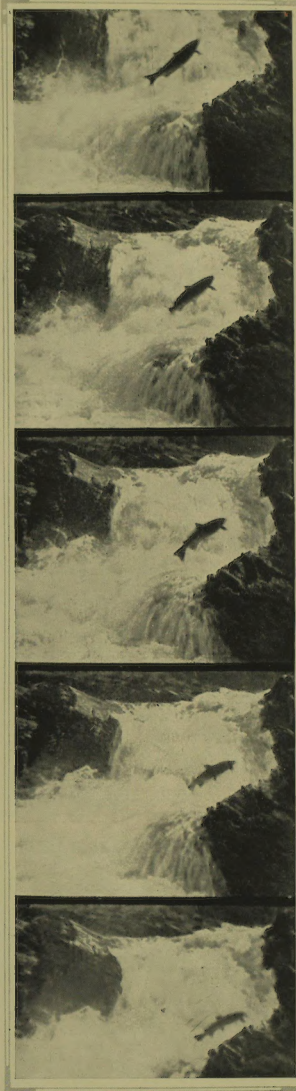
6. "WHENEVER-EVER-EVER I GET BACK TO ALASKA, I'LL NEVER, NEVER, NEVER GO TO SEA AGAIN": CUFFY, A BEAR-CUB MASCOT, IN EXTREMIS.



7. CUFFY AND PUFFY, THE EXPEDITION'S BEAR-CUB MASCOTS, TAKE AN ACTIVE INTEREST IN MR. WILLIAM FINLEY'S FILM CAMERA.



8. LENDING A PAW TO THE HISTORIAN: CUFFY AND PUFFY WANT TO HELP MRS. W. L. FINLEY, CHRONICLER OF THE EXPEDITION, IN HER TYPE-WRITING ON UNIMAK ISLAND.



9. LEAPING UP THE CATARACTS TO REACH THE SPAWNING-GROUNDS, NEAR THE RIVER'S MOUNTAIN SOURCE, WHERE IT SPAWNS ONCE ONLY AND THEN DIES: A RED ALASKAN SALMON.

These remarkably picturesque and interesting photographs were taken by the Finley-Church Expedition on the outpost islands of the Behring Sea, during a peaceful hunting trip in which the *finches* of the Far White North were "shot" by the camera. "The Aleutian chain of islands," we read in the "New York Times," "flung from Alaska across the Behring Sea almost to Asia by volcanic convulsions of past ages, are hosts to many strange birds and animals." The Finley-Church Expedition, under the American Nature Association and the Bureau of Fisheries of the United States Department of Commerce, cruised for four months aboard the yacht "Westward," exploring uncharted waters in little-known regions of the Behring Sea to make a photographic record of the wild animal life. The members of the party were Mr. and Mrs. William L. Finley, of Portland, Oregon, and Campbell Church, of Eugene, Oregon." Some of the original notes on the photo-

graphs give further details that add to their attractions. Thus No. 1 is entitled "A Movie Drama of Creation.—The upward pilgrimage of the red salmon of Alaska, which, after four years in the lower waters of a stream, fights its way over rushing falls to reach the spawning grounds." No. 9, of the same subject, reads: "Natural obstacles mean little to Alaskan salmon.—Seeking the spawning grounds at the sources of the stream, in the high mountains, it makes its way, leap by leap. Four years complete the salmon's life cycle. It spawns only once and then dies." No. 3 is described as follows: "Master of a Harem.—A fur-seal bull living on St. Paul Island, one of the Pribilof group. The bulls arrive early in spring and select sites for their establishments. Later the females arrive and choose their husbands—or are chosen, for each bull has from one to one hundred wives, according to his fighting qualities."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ARTS and

crafts form the burden of my song this week, and, as it must run to many "verses," I will waste no time upon an overture. If size and weight be a merit, combined with all the amenities of sumptuous production, I must first celebrate a monumental work entitled "ISLAMIC POTTERY": A Study Mainly Historical. By A. J. Butler, D.Litt., Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, Fellow of Eton College (Ernest Benn; £12 12s.; *édition de luxe*, £20). This magnificent volume, as large as a family Bible, contains no fewer than ninety-two full-page plates, of which the first twenty-two are in colour, all of them exquisitely reproduced. In addition, the author supplies a preface and 176 pages of historical and appreciative exposition, together with an extensive bibliography, a table of chronology, and an index. Such, baldly stated, are the outward attractions of a work that will surely take a foremost place in the literature of ceramics.

I was a little puzzled at first by the word "Islamic"—whether it was to be understood in the same sense as one might speak of Christian pottery or Buddhist pottery—for Mr. Butler's study ranges back in time centuries before Mahomet. There is much, for instance, about the pottery of ancient Egypt, including several references to our old friend, Tutankhamen. Thus, on the subject of wall-tiles, we read: "The factories for producing glazed pottery, which Tutankhamen established, or more probably re-established, at Memphis, were in full working order 1500 years later, as is proved by the fine examples of blue glazed wasters of Roman date, which may be seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum." As to the religion of *Islam* ("submission to the will of God"), which Mahomet made his own, I believe Carlyle somewhere points out that it was, in fact, far older in its origin. I soon discovered, however, that Mr. Butler uses the word in the territorial rather than the religious sense, though he does not explicitly define its scope. "Islamic" pottery, then, means pottery of the Moslem world, throughout the evolution of the art, before and since the time of the Prophet.

Mr. Butler is very modest about his own qualifications, but I think his diffidence is belied by his erudition, before which the ordinary reader can only bow down in wonder. He has given us an altogether fascinating book on one of the oldest of the arts. In looking at the beautiful examples illustrated, imagination tries to conjure up the scene of their making and the personality of the maker. Here poetry steps in to evoke the romance of pottery, and the Islamic mood recalls the verse of Omar, telling how—

... One evening at the close
Of Ramazan, ere the better Moon
arose,
In that old Potter's Shop I stood
alone.

Another form of Eastern craftsmanship has produced a smaller book of similar type—"How to IDENTIFY ORIENTAL RUGS." By Effrida Wolfe and A. T. Wolfe (Benn; 10s. 6d.), which tells in a pleasantly informal style not only how to distinguish the principal varieties, but how to choose them in accordance with particular schemes of furnishing and decoration, and how to care for and preserve them. The book seems to me remarkably cheap in view of the quality and number of the illustrations—forty-five plates (including several in colour), besides incidental drawings and maps. There is more in the Oriental rug or carpet than in those of Western make. Thus we learn that, in Persian fabrics, "the classics" of their kind, "the same root idea persists—a flower-garden, the open air, life"; and again: "History and religion are woven into the fabric of all Oriental rugs if one could but read the signs aright." The vogue of the Chinese rug is comparatively recent. "Fabulous sums are now realised for specimens that could have been bought for a trifle some twenty years ago, and more than one far-sighted dealer has made his fortune thereby."

From carpet-weaving to embroidery is a step on kindred ground, which brings me to "ART IN NEEDLEWORK." By Lewis F. Day and Mary Buckle. With Additional Chapters by Mary Hogarth. With 105 Illustrations and numerous Diagrams (Batsford; 7s. 6d.) This is a revised edition of a standard manual published in 1900, and brought up to date by Miss Hogarth, on a subject in which there has latterly been a great increase of interest. Many disabled soldiers, for instance, took to embroidery as a hobby or an occupation.

From the potter's wheel, the loom, and the needle I turn now to that more renowned implement, the brush,

as represented by a large and beautifully illustrated book, "EARLY FLEMISH PAINTINGS IN THE RENDERS COLLECTION AT BRUGES," exhibited at the Belgian Exhibition, Burlington House, January, 1927. With an Introduction by G. Hulin de Loo and Notices by Edouard Michel (Batsford; £3 3s.). The volume is issued as a limited edition of 350 copies (300 for sale) for the benefit of the Society known as Les Amis du Musée de Gand. It contains sixteen pictures (all but one of religious subjects) of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, reproduced in photogravure plates, and four of them repeated in full colour. The printing and reproduction work, which was done in Belgium, is of superb quality, and the whole volume forms a valuable contribution to the study of Flemish primitives, as well as a delightful souvenir of the memorable London exhibition.

It is interesting to compare the spontaneous archaism of the old Flemish painters with the deliberate archaism of a modern sculptor, shown in a "Crucifix" and a "Cupid"—two of the thirty-three plates illustrating "ERIC GILL" (Benn; 8s. 6d.), in the Contemporary British Artists series. Among the other plates are some of Mr. Gill's reliefs for the Stations of the Cross in Westminster Cathedral, and his fine (but rejected) design for a war memorial, "The Driving Out of the Money-Changers."



AN UNFINISHED PICTURE FOR WHICH £3000 IS REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN OFFERED:
MISS WINIFRED KNIGHT'S "S.S. TRINITA."

The unfinished picture, "S.S. Trinita" one of the exhibits in the new Imperial Gallery of Art, at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington—has aroused very exceptional interest, and it is reported that £3000 has been offered for it. The artist, Miss Winifred Knight, a Prix de Rome student, has worked at it for three years, and, as will be noticed, the figures have only been mapped out in pencil.

which recalls Rodin's "Burghers of Calais." The pious spirit of these works (Mr. Gill, it may be noted, is a convert to Romanism) contrasts oddly with the frank naturalism of some of his nudes, notably those entitled "Splits." A modified version of the war memorial design was placed at the entrance to Leeds University, and created an uproar, as some of the "money-changers," wearing trousers and top-hats, were regarded as local portraits, until it was explained that they represented commercialism in general, and not that of Leeds in particular. This and other facts of Mr. Gill's career are told in an appreciative introduction by "J. K. M. R.," whose name, however, does not figure on the title-page.

My next three books refer to the art of the stage, and I cast for the "lead" among them "CUES AND CURTAIN CALLS." Being the Theatrical Reminiscences of H. Chance Newton ("Carados" of the *Referee*). With an Introduction by Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, and fifty-six illustrations. (Lane; 12s. 6d.) Mr. Newton has contributed to the *Referee* since its foundation, nearly fifty years ago, and his pen-name is a household word. It seems hardly necessary to add that his book is "one of the best," and it would be difficult to name a more entertaining collection of memories. One chapter is entitled "Kosher Comedians and Froom Friends." In the others "Carados" tells, in anecdotal vein, of his friend Irving and Irving's sons, of Phelps, Tree, Wilson Barrett, and the "fourscore Hamlets" he himself has seen. While the aforementioned players are those most heavily "billed," of others occurring incidentally the name is legion.

The other two theatrical books, both rather solemn after the genial humour of "Carados," are concerned rather with critical theory and technique. "STUDIES IN THE CONTEMPORARY THEATRE." By John Palmer (Secker; 10s. 6d.), is mainly designed to set forth the vitality of modern French dramatists—Lenormand, Bernard, Sarment, Romans, and Géraudy—along with studies of Pirandello and the productions of M. Georges Pitoëff. Mr. Palmer goes on to consider the "analytic" and "piecemeal" tendency of modern art in general, and he finds "the conditions for a renaissance more favourable to-day than they were before the catastrophe of 1911."

"THEATRE PRACTICE." By Stark Young. Illustrated (Scribner; 7s. 6d.) approaches the stage as a coalition of various forms of art. "This volume," the author writes, "undertakes to consider not dramatists and plays alone, but rather the arts of acting too, of theatrical design and production, and such special phases and problems of these as illusion, stage movement, tempo, realistic and poetic methods, the voice, music, colour, and lights, and, furthermore, such artists, designers, producers, directors, and playwrights as illustrate and embody the principles considered." Each chapter is followed by a set of questions, as it were for an "exam," doubtless intended to stimulate thought; but I see no offer by the author to play the part of examiner and correct the papers.

Humour is not always a strong point with musical critics, but it abounds in a book of discursive papers called "ON MUSIC'S BORDERS." By Sir Richard Terry. With ten illustrations (Fisher Unwin—Ernest Benn; 15s.). Sir Richard was formerly organist at Westminster Cathedral. In this very cheery volume he has gathered up a sheaf of journalistic essays on current topics, and "excursions into whatever byways of music took my fancy." Their character may be indicated by such chapter headings as "Who Was Battishill?" "Parsifoolishness," "Opera and the Star System," "Mechanical Music," and "A Word on Wigan." Here, after some facetious tilts at a town whose name, he says, is enough to set a music-hall audience "rocking with laughter," he describes his astonishment at the beautiful singing he heard in the parish church, and the "intensely temperamental" piano-playing of some working lads, including "miners, boot-repairers, and cabinet-makers."

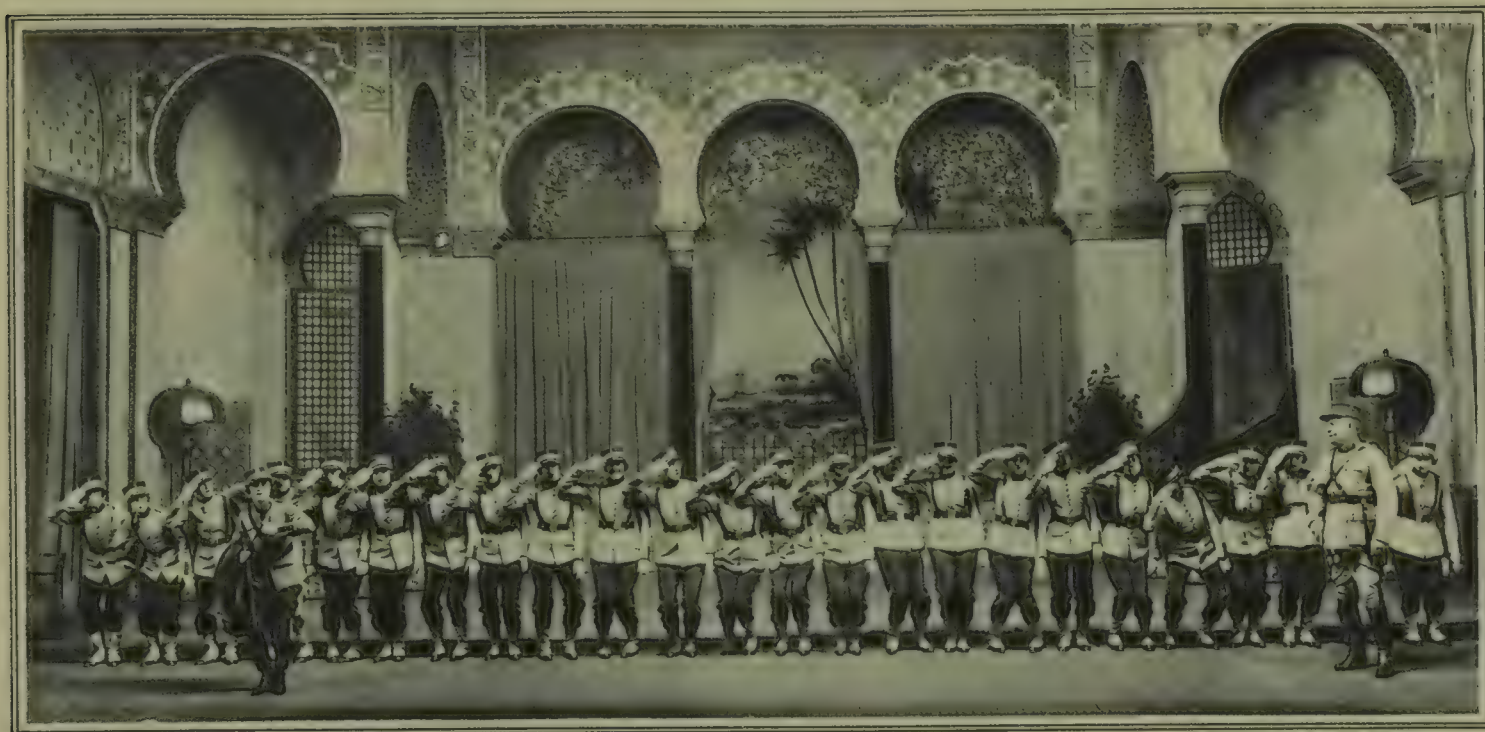
This North Country aptitude for music is exemplified also in a little book from Yorkshire that might interest Sir Richard Terry, with his taste for byways and home talent—"THE LIFE OF WILLIAM JACKSON," the Miller Musician. By J. Sutcliffe Smith (Leeds: Angus and Co.). William Jackson became noted as a composer and as conductor of the Bradford Festival Society, which he brought to London in 1858 to give a "command" performance before Queen Victoria. His last home at Bradford was close to the birthplace of Frederick Delius. There is a link with William Jackson on the London stage to-day in the person of his actor-grandson, Wilfrid Walter.

I had intended to touch on "certain also of our own poets," but, having little space left, I must keep them waiting awhile. They include "LORD BYRON IN HIS LETTERS." Edited by V. H. Collins (Murray; 12s.), and "THE THREE SITWELLS": A Biographical and Critical Study. By R. L. Méroz (The Richards Press; 8s. 6d.). Meanwhile, I should like to commend to readers the first number of the *Kipling Journal* (the organ of the newly formed Kipling Society), which contains, among much other interesting matter, identifications of several characters in "Stalky and Co.," among Kipling's schoolfellows at Westward Ho! Stalky, for instance, was General Dunsterville; McTurk, Mr. G. C. Beresford; and Beetle, the author himself. The hon. sec. of the Society is Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, The Milestone, Bath Road, Slough. Another welcome new publication is Benn's Sixpenny Library of paper booklets. Six are so far to hand—"A HISTORY OF ENGLAND," by D. C. Somervell; "ITALIAN LITERATURE," by Dr. Edmund Gardner; "SHAKESPEARE," by G. B. Harrison; "MODERN SCIENTIFIC IDEAS," by Sir Oliver Lodge; "THE AGE OF THE EARTH," by Dr. Arthur Holmes; and "THE ATOM," by Professor E. N. da C. Andrade. The combination of low price with high quality could hardly go further.

C. E. B.

A MUSICAL COMEDY OF THE RIFF: "THE DESERT SONG" AT DRURY LANE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGE PHOTO. CO.



THE MASQUERADING GIRLS WILT BEFORE THE STERN EYE OF THE GENERAL! MARGOT (EDITH DAY), THE CHORUS, AND GENERAL BIRABEAU (LEONARD MACKAY).



THE REFUSAL TO FIGHT: GENERAL BIRABEAU (LEONARD MACKAY) AND THE RED SHADOW (HARRY WELCHMAN).



MARGOT STRIKES THE RED SHADOW: EDITH DAY AND HARRY WELCHMAN.



NO RED SHADOW—ONLY THE MILKSOP: THE GENERAL, PAUL (BARRY MACKAY), AND PIERRE.

THE BRIGAND ABDUCTS MARGOT FROM THE GENERAL'S OWN HOUSE: THE RED SHADOW (HARRY WELCHMAN), WITH THE GIRL (EDITH DAY) IN HIS ARMS.



"The Desert Song," the musical play recently produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, is set in Morocco. General Birabeau is disturbed by the activities of the Red Shadow, a bandit. He is also worried by the effeminate tastes of his son, Pierre. Margot is staying at his house. She is engaged to Paul, an officer of the French Legion, and laughs at the love of Pierre, the milksop. One day she calls for romance, and, in answer to it, the Red Shadow bursts into the house and carries her off. Azuri, the native girl, brings the General to the

harem where Margot is hidden, and he challenges the Red Shadow to a duel; but the bandit refuses, as he is in reality Pierre, the supposed milksop, and cannot fight his own father. He loses his leadership of the Arabs, and is sent into the desert to die, the General having learnt his identity too late; but Pierre returns with the Red Shadow's robes, and announces that he has put an end to the bandit. Margot knows the secret and has learnt to love Pierre. The music, by Sigmund Romberg, and the massed dancing are very attractive.

SHANGHAI SCENES: WRECKED CHAPEI; THE FRENCH CONCESSION.



A WOUNDED FRENCH ANNAMITE RECEIVING FIRST AID: AN INCIDENT IN THE FRENCH CONCESSION AT SHANGHAI.



FIRE HAVOC IN CHAPEI: A NATIVE QUARTER AT SHANGHAI DEVASTATED BY BURNING AND LOOTING AFTER THE CANTONESE OCCUPATION.



ARMoured CARS IN THE FRENCH CONCESSION AT SHANGHAI: DEFENCE FORCE AT A POST IN THE RUE CONSULATE.



A MASS MEETING IN THE CHINESE CITY AT SHANGHAI AFTER ITS OCCUPATION BY THE SOUTHERN (CANTONESE) FORCES: A TYPICAL GATHERING, WITH NUMEROUS BANNERS, FOR THE DISSEMINATION OF NATIONALIST PROPAGANDA.



ARMED LABOURERS, LED BY A CANTONESE OFFICER (SECOND FROM LEFT), WHO TOOK A PROMINENT PART IN THE FIGHTING AT SHANGHAI: A TYPICAL GROUP, ONE CARRYING A CANTONESE MILITARY FLAG.



A RAILWAY CARRIAGE OVERTURNED NEAR THE NORTH STATION AT SHANGHAI: A CENTRE OF HEAVY FIGHTING, AND ATTACKS ON "WHITE" RUSSIANS HOLDING AN ARMoured TRAIN, AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF THE CANTONESE.

The situation in China has, of course, changed considerably since these photographs were taken. They illustrate the state of things at Shanghai shortly after the occupation of the Chinese City by the Cantonese on March 21. The chief fighting occurred in the district of Chapei near the North Station. Writing on March 22 a "Times" correspondent said: "All is anarchy and confusion at Chapei, where a remnant of the White Russians are bravely holding out in Chang Chung-chang's famous armoured train, 'The Great Wall,' which they are unable to move owing to the rails to the west having been torn up. . . . Armed Communists in plain clothes and the scum of the people have kept up a continual attack on the Russian train. Every now and then a fire breaks out in a new direction."

[Continued opposite.]



CHINESE STUDENTS PARADING, WITH AN INSCRIBED BANNER, THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE CHINESE CITY AT SHANGHAI, AFTER THE CANTONESE HAD GAINED CONTROL: TYPES OF NATIONALIST "INTELLECTUALS."

[Continued.]

On the next day the same writer stated: "Chapei presents a shocking sight. Dead and charred bodies are lying in the streets, and in one area alone over 1500 houses have been burnt to the ground. . . . houses which escaped fire have suffered from looting." On March 22 Reuter reported: "A French outpost on the furthestmost border of the French Concession had a brush with a small detachment of Chinese troops this afternoon." It has lately been stated that France is sending African troops to China. Chiang Kai-shek, the Nationalist leader, has set up a new Government at Nanking in opposition to the Communists, his former allies. Shortly before this, Nationalist forces raided Communist quarters in Chapei, where heavy fighting took place, with many casualties.



REMARKABLY YOUTHFUL: OFFICERS OF THE CANTONESE ARMY THAT CAPTURED THE NATIVE CITY AT SHANGHAI.

THE NAVY IN CHINA: AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER USED AGAINST PIRATES.



A SISTER SHIP OF H.M.S. "VETERAN," RECENTLY IN ACTION WITH THE KWEISHANG FORTS, ON THE YANGTZE, WHOSE FIRE SHE RETURNED WITH HER 4·7-INCH GUNS: A TYPICAL BRITISH DESTROYER OF THE "V" CLASS, OF WHICH THE THIRD FLOTILLA IS NOW IN CHINESE WATERS ON PATROL—AN EVENING SILHOUETTE.



THE BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER, H.M.S. "HERMES," WHICH LATELY TOOK PART IN "SMOKING-OUT" A NEST OF CHINESE PIRATES IN BIAS BAY, NEAR HONG-KONG: A VIEW SHOWING THE FLAT-TOPPED LANDING DECK WITH A SEAPLANE ON IT (LEFT END) AND THE SUPERSTRUCTURE, BUILT AT ONE SIDE OF THE SHIP.

The British Navy has had a share—as at Wanhien, Hankow, and Nanking—in the most stirring events in China. On April 13 it was reported that foreign war-ships at Nanking, on the Yangtze, had moved a mile up-river to be out of the line of fire in case of a clash between the Cantonese there and the Northerners at Pukow on the opposite bank. On the 12th the Admiralty announced that the cruiser "Carlisle" had been sent from Shanghai to Weihaiwei in view of threatened disturbances there. On the 8th the destroyer "Veteran" was heavily fired on by Chinese Nationalists from the Kweishang Forts, fifteen miles below Chinkiang,

and replied with her 4·7-inch guns. Later, the gunboat "Woodcock" was fired at above Chinkiang, and replied. The aircraft-carrier "Hermes" took part in a naval raid, on March 23, on a stronghold of Chinese pirates in Bias Bay, some fifty miles east of Hong-kong. With her were the cruisers "Frobisher" and "Delhi," the mine-sweeper "Marazion" and the sloop "Foxglove." Landing parties burnt several villages (giving the inhabitants time to remove their goods) and many junks and sampans. Seaplanes from the "Hermes" flew overhead, observing, reporting, and covering the shore parties. There were no casualties on either side.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

The Court at Holyrood.

It will be a great time for Edinburgh when the King and Queen spend several July days at Holyrood Castle. They have promised to attend a historical pageant in the grounds of Craigmillar Castle, which belongs to General Sir Robert Gilmour. The Duke and Duchess will have returned from their tour by that time, so they may also be in Edinburgh, as well as Sir Robert's daughter-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. John Gilmour, who is at present in attendance on the Duchess.

The Queen, when she goes to Holyrood, always spends many happy hours inspecting its treasures, and suggesting how the beauties of the old rooms can be best preserved. The staff there has a very high opinion of her taste, and they quote instances of her excellent suggestions. One of the later additions to Holyrood which the Queen very much admires is the set of chairs presented to her at her silver wedding by a number of Scottish great ladies, each of whom worked the tapestried seats and chair-backs.

A Master Turner.

Lady Gertrude Crawford, who has again this year been a prize-winner at the annual exhibition of the Worshipful Company of Turners, is a daughter of the late Earl of Sefton, and took up her unusual hobby when she was only a girl, because of her interest in watching his work. She retained that interest after her marriage to Colonel J. H. Crawford, and her exhibit at the Mansion House made people understand why she found the work so absorbing. It included replicas of the minute candlesticks that she made for the Queen's Dolls' House.

If some of her friends wondered what possible good such a hobby as this was to a woman of leisure, and why she should care to be one of the finest amateur turners in the world, the war answered that question—as it had answered so many similar ones. Lady Gertrude, who has for a long time held the Freedom of the Company, went into a munition factory, and was put in charge of a shop. Some of the experienced professional metal-workers under her control thought at first that it was odd to be directed by a Lady Gertrude, but they were perfectly content when she appeared wearing the miniature badge of a Master Turner, which the Company had had made specially for her.

The Chrysalis.

Western newspapers have from time to time given prominence to the astonishing story of Mme. Suzuki, the middle-aged Japanese merchant princess, whose financial affairs have just been attracting a great deal of attention. Whether or no she continues to be the richest woman in the world is not

of so much significance to women as the story of her surprising development. After living for many years the quiet, secluded life of a Japanese housewife, she inherited, on her husband's death, his fleet of steamers, decided to follow a business career, and displayed such extraordinary ability that she added great ships to the fleet, bought plantations, built factories, and established branches of her business in many parts of the world.

The moral is that, had the business not come into her hands, she might have remained for the rest of her life absorbed in household affairs, and no one would have suspected her latent powers. Even she herself might have died believing that women had no head for business. But the opportunity came, and the unexpected powers were revealed. Another woman who possessed extraordinary gifts that only a special need called into full play was Miss Gertrude Lothian Bell, whose knowledge of Arabia, its people and language, enabled her to give such magnificent help to the British Government during the war and in the difficult years that followed.

An Unusual Journey.

Lady Mary Thynne, the youngest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath, who is one of the most beautiful girls in society, has just returned from a journey to Nigeria and the Gold Coast. Princess Marie Louise has, of course, done her best to recommend the attractions of the Gold Coast, but, so far, not many girls of the younger set have been out there. They will be interested to hear Lady Mary's impressions.

track, and that very few English travellers arranging a holiday on the Continent thought of going to Spain. That is changed now, and the Prince of Wales's Easter visit will make it even more fashionable. Other recent visitors are Lord and Lady

Ednam, Lord and Lady Middleton, and Sir Gervase Beckett, who is accompanied by his youngest daughter, Miss Prunella Beckett. Miss Beckett, like the present Earl of Feversham and Lady Diana Duncombe, the son and daughter of her stepmother, Lady Marjorie Beckett, is a great-grandchild of the first Earl of Feversham, for her mother, Sir Gervase's first wife, was the daughter of Viscount Helmsley, who died without succeeding to the title. Lady Diana

THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF SIR GERVASE BECKETT, M.P.: MISS PRUNELLA BECKETT.



Duncombe's marriage to Mr. Greville Worthington, which was to have taken place at the end of this month and which was postponed on account of her illness, is now arranged for May 31. It will be at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and will be a very pretty wedding. Lady Diana is to have a number of small bridesmaids.

Heiress to Genius.

Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson, the most distinguished girl recruit to the English stage since the much-loved Meggie Albanesi, chose her parents very wisely. She owes her knowledge of stage-craft to her mother, for, instead of going to a dramatic school, she had the more exciting and perhaps more arduous apprenticeship of a touring company, playing in South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, and often travelling to a town for a single performance. She is only twenty years old now, but it is five years since she accompanied her mother's company on their long tour, playing young-girl parts in "Paddy the Next Best Thing," "The Girl of To-morrow," and "The Sign on the Door." She toured under the stage-name of Anne McEwan. Her first appearance in London was as the very modern daughter in the play "Dancing Mothers," produced by Miss Gertrude Elliott two years ago, and since then she has appeared in "Berkeley Square,"

"Uncle Vanya," and a number of special performances. She was regarded as a very promising young actress, but her performance as Leah in that uncanny play, "The Dybbuk," seems to have convinced the critics that great things may be expected from her, and the audience is astonished at the way she dominates the stage. The part gives her great scope, but it puts a very heavy strain on her. Nevertheless, she likes it immensely. Her interest centres round the theatre, but she is a great reader and musician. Sir Johnston and Lady Forbes-Robertson have three other daughters. The eldest is the wife of the Hon. Inigo Freeman-Thomas, elder son of Viscount Willingdon.



THE WIFE OF THE NEW EARL OF DARNLEY: THE COUNTESS OF DARNLEY.

Lord Clifton succeeded his father, the well-known cricketer, as the ninth Earl of Darnley. The present Lady Darnley is the daughter of the late Captain Glen Kidston, and her marriage took place in 1923.



THE WEDDING OF THE DAUGHTER OF MR. J. H. THOMAS, M.P., THE WELL-KNOWN LABOUR LEADER: THE BRIDAL PARTY.

The wedding of Miss Peggy Thomas to Mr. R. Harris took place at the City Temple, and was attended by the Prime Minister and Mrs. Baldwin, and notabilities of every shade of political opinion. Mr. Thomas is seen behind the bridesmaids on the right of the bride.

The Pride of Scotland.

The Royal Caledonian Ball, which is to be held on May 23 at the Hotel Cecil, is the great event of the season for the patrician Scots in London, and a very brilliant spectacle. The men are very grand in uniform, Court dress, or hunt dress, or picturesque in clan tartan kilts with kilt jackets, and the handsome silver ornaments, dirks and brooches, set with cairngorms, that look so barbaric. If Mr. C. E. W. Mackintosh attends the Ball with his bride, people will expect to see him wearing the jewelled dirk and brooch which Lady Jean presented to him as her wedding gift. The dowagers usually wear black frocks, or some rich stuff like cloth of gold, that will set off the tartans and their wonderful jewels; while the girls and younger women choose white or pale-coloured gowns with clan tartan sashes worn over one shoulder. Many of them fasten the sash on the shoulder with their family badges worked in diamonds and other precious stones, while others adopt the prettier fashion of wearing the actual badge, which is a spray of real heather or leaves from a forest tree, and they all wear their finest jewels.

This dress is extremely becoming, especially to such pretty young women as the Duchess of York or the little Countess of Seafield. The Duchess of Atholl, who with her husband presides over the Ball this year, looks regal in her black gown with her clan tartan sash and masses of jewels.

Holidays in Spain. Only a few years ago the people of Spain used to lament that their beautiful country was off the beaten



TO MARRY MR. WHITBREAD ON APRIL 27: MISS JOSCELYN WHITBREAD.

Miss Joscelyn Whitbread is a daughter of Mr. S. H. Whitbread and Mrs. Whitbread, of Southill Park, Biggleswade. Her marriage to Mr. S. H. Whitbread, the gentleman rider, will take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

NEW TUTANKHAMEN ART TREASURES:

EXQUISITELY CARVED STATUETTES.



FIG. 1. THE GODDESS SEKHMET, WIFE OF PTAH (SHOWN IN FIG. 3): A BEAUTIFULLY CARVED FIGURE OF A LION-HEADED DIVINITY, ONE OF MANY FOUND IN THE STORE CHAMBER OF TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB.



FIG. 2. THE OSIRIDE KING SUPPORTED ON THE HEAD OF A DIVINITY, TO GREET THE SUN ENTERING INTO THE NETHER WORLD: ONE OF THE STATUETTES FROM THE BLACK CHESTS ILLUSTRATED ON PAGE 728.



FIG. 3. THE GOD PTAH, OF MEMPHIS: ONE OF "THE DIVINE ENNEAD (NINE) OF THE UNDER-WORLD"—THE DIVINITY WHOSE LION-HEADED WIFE IS SHOWN IN FIG. 1.

These three beautiful statuettes were among those—numbering in all more than thirty—found within the black chests (seen in our illustration on page 728) in the Store Chamber, or Inmost Recess, leading out of the actual burial chamber in the Tomb of Tutankhamen. The figure which is regarded as the finest of all, representing the young King in the character of Horus the Avenger, is reproduced

on the front page of the present issue. Both in beauty of form and exquisite finish of detail, the newly discovered statuettes prove once again the masterly skill of the ancient Egyptian sculptors and carvers at that remote period, over three thousand years ago, when the treasures of art and craftsmanship were lavished in such profusion on the adornment of a Pharaoh's sepulchre.

TUTANKHAMEN'S HONORIFIC ORDERS: SYMBOLS OF SUN AND MOON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



1. INSIGNIA OF TWO HONORIFIC ORDERS, MADE OF MASSIVE GOLD ENCRUSTED WITH COLOURED STONES AND GLASS, WORN SUSPENDED FROM THE NECK BY TASSELLED CORDS: (ON THE LEFT) THAT OF THE SUN BY DAY; (ON THE RIGHT) THE SUN BY NIGHT—REMARKABLE NEW EXAMPLES OF ANCIENT EGYPTIAN JEWELLERY FOUND IN TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB.



2. AN HONORIFIC ORDER OF THE MOON: A COLLAR WITH THE LUNAR ORB AND CRESCENT WROUGHT IN SILVER, AND THE REMAINDER MADE IN GOLD INLAID WITH SEMI-PRECIOUS STONES.



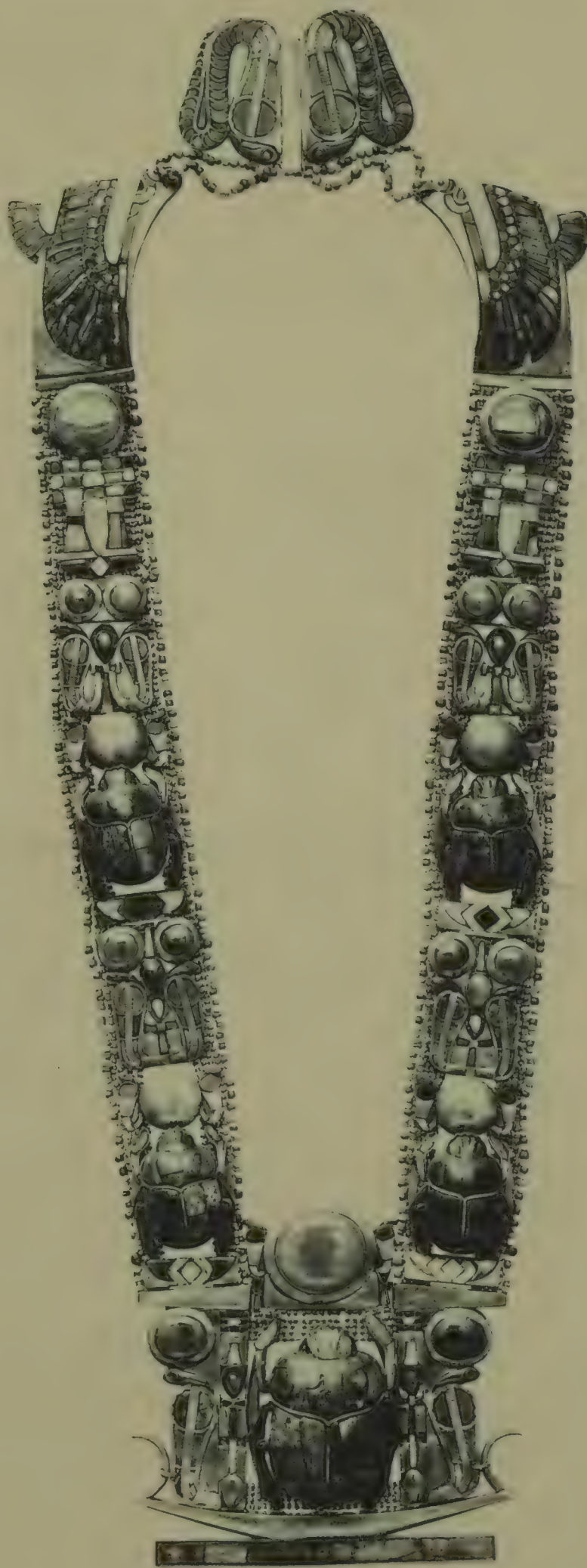
3. A LIVING EGYPTIAN BOY WEARING THE 3000-YEAR-OLD ORDER OF THE BIRTH OF THE SUN (ILLUSTRATED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE): A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN TO SHOW THE METHOD OF SUSPENSION OVER THE SHOULDERS.

On this and the opposite page we illustrate some of the beautiful insignia of orders and decorations which are among the latest discoveries in the Tomb of Tutankhamen. The full descriptive notes supplied with the above photographs are as follows: (1) Two honorific orders—the Sun by Day (left); and the Sun by Night (right), i.e., in the Under-world. These are made of massive gold, finely encrusted with coloured stones and glass, and were suspended from the neck by means of tasselled cords passed through eyelets on the back of the orders. (2) An

honorific order of the Moon. The lunar orb and crescent are made of silver; the remainder of gold inlaid with semi-precious stones. The bead straps are of different-coloured stones, gold, and black resin; and pendent from the floral counterpoise, which acts also as a clasp, are bead tassels. (3) This photograph shows the honorific order of the Birth of the Sun upon an Egyptian boy, as it was intended to be worn. The collar of the order is illustrated by itself, on a larger scale, on the opposite page.

SOLAR SYMBOLISM IN A PHARAONIC ORDER: A TUTANKHAMEN COLLAR.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



WITH THE SCARAB BEETLE, KHEPERE, A FORM OF SOLAR METAMORPHOSIS, PROMINENT IN THE DESIGN:
INSIGNIA OF THE HONORIFIC ORDER OF THE BIRTH OF THE SUN.

On this and the opposite page we illustrate some of the remarkable Pharaonic jewellery found in the Store Chamber of Tutankhamen's Tomb, and consisting of honorific orders connected with the principal heavenly bodies, the Sun and the Moon. The beautiful collar shown above is also seen in one of the photographs opposite, round the neck of a modern Egyptian boy, who is wearing it

in the same way as it was worn, doubtless, by Tutankhamen over 3000 years ago. This "Order of the Birth of the Sun" is made of gold plaques encrusted with semi-precious stones, and strung on a backing of bead-work. The scarab beetle, Khepere, is one of the transformations of the Sun, especially at the twelfth hour of night, when the disc is re-born to ascend into the heavenly vault.

At the Sign of St. Paul's

By JOHN OWEN.

Waterloo's Station.

At a time when there is a certain amount of military activity, and when the only station in London which commemorates a great British victory is witnessing scenes that very mildly recall experiences of a few years ago, it is interesting to note the recent sale of the insignia of an officer whose part in Waterloo was not inconsiderable.

Sir Thomas Picton was a great soldier whose experience began early, and whose first achievement was the breaking up of a mutiny in his regiment. He saw much service in the West Indies, but was afterwards, of course, celebrated for the work he did with Wellington in the Peninsula. He was killed at Waterloo, as a contemporary correspondent puts it, "in his own bayonet charge." The old top hat he wore at the battle is in the United Service Museum, and there is a memorial to him in St. Paul's. A brother commander of his at Waterloo was the Marquess of Anglesey, who commanded the cavalry, and came through the battle with the loss of a leg. This leg was accorded special burial. The Marquess came home to his Welsh seat, and travellers to Holyhead must be familiar with the Anglesey column erected to his memory, which is visible as soon as the island comes into view. This monument may be ascended by the curious. In other days a charge was made for admission only if the visitor failed to address the custodian in Welsh.

Recently I asked the keeper of a "Musée" near the tram-stop at Waterloo how the last great war had affected his business. He would not hear that it had affected it at all. For English, American, and all other visitors, Waterloo would lose none of its attraction to competing modern battlefields, but would remain for ever—Waterloo.

And the Station of Euston.

An evening paper is legitimately amused by the following from an Austrian paper: "His Majesty King George of England returned to London from Euston last night." In the Life of the great Lord Salisbury, by his daughter, she tells how, when her parents first settled in London, they met a lady who, thinking she had discovered interesting new acquaintances, asked where they lived; and being told Fitzroy Square, answered with a sigh: "I am afraid I make it a rule never to call north of Oxford Street."

Perhaps the Austrian newspaper considers Euston, if not similarly off the map by reason of being north of Oxford Street, at least outside London. Yet actually the King could have travelled a good many miles from Euston to his London home. It would only have been necessary for him to visit the Duke of Grafton to make his return to London involve a journey of at least a hundred miles. Euston is, in fact, the home of this Duke, and is in Suffolk.

Votes for "Flappers."

The proposal to extend the vote to women under thirty will bring to mind many memories, few of them tender, of the campaign by which women of thirty or over—always assuming that there have been any such—became entitled to the franchise. I see that very young Oxford, the other day, demanded "equal wrongs for women"; while a little earlier the young men of Glasgow University implored

public commiseration for the Sufferin' Gents. Apparently included in these not necessarily dumb sufferers are Mr. Churchill and his brother compendium of first-class brains, Lord Birkenhead. There have always been statesmen who trembled at the prospect of an increase in the already elaborate powers of women. When we were yet governed on a two-party system, woman was seen to constitute the *tertium quid*. Even now the country has not decided how to estimate this feminine intervention, and still tries to reconstruct its

here on behalf of the candidates of their choice, the women whose names still remain painted on the wall, those Pankhursts and Lady Astors of twenty centuries ago, told men how to vote.

Easter Lifting. As an Easter custom "lifting" at one time had a great vogue, particularly in Lancashire, where, indeed, special observances of Easter have always flourished. Lifting, or, as it was also called, "heaving," took the form of two men with their hands crossed approaching a woman and compelling her to use the improvised seat. They would then carry her down the street. This would be done on Easter Monday. But the women had their revenge on the day following. Assuming that they were strong enough, they had the right to "heave" any selected victim among the men of the village, and they made no mistake about using their right. Chambers tells the tale of some wretched clergyman, staying in a Lancashire town, who was soberly inspecting the street from his window on Easter Tuesday when he heard steps behind, and the next moment he found himself seized by a party of large and determined women. "What do you want—what do you want?" he began to protest. "We've come to lift you!" "To lift me!" repeated the now terrified parson. "What can you mean?" "Why, your Reverence, we've come to lift you 'cause it's Easter Tuesday. . . . Don't you know? All us women was lifted yesterday, and us lifts the men to-day in turn. And in course it's our reights and duties to lift 'em." The parson bought his freedom for what was, in the circumstances, the very modest and reasonable sum of half a crown.

What was among the oldest of Easter customs in Lancashire was recalled to me to-day by one who lived in that county as a child. "Mummers" went round the town calling at houses and begging for eggs. These mummers, or "Paste-eggers," as they were called (a corruption of the word "Pascal") would be rewarded with paste eggs in days before the chocolate Easter egg had become so much the fashion. A householder would take care to prepare himself for the occasion of these calls by grown men (the gangs did not usually

include children) by laying in a good stock of paste or sugar eggs which he allotted according to his recognition of his visitors. The "Paste-eggers" had their appropriate rhymes, which they recited vociferously when presenting their claims. Nowadays all these practices are in the hands of persistent infants only; even the Christmas waits are not often in possession of the age qualification for a vote. And yet only a few years ago and within fifteen miles of London, in my own experience, the labourers gave up the whole of the fifth day of November to marching about the neighbouring villages with an elaborately built guy.



The body of Richard II lying in state in St. Paul's. 1400—



WHERE THE WONDERFUL TUTANKHAMEN STATUETTES ILLUSTRATED IN THIS NUMBER WERE FOUND: THE STORE CHAMBER IN HIS TOMB, SHOWING THE BLACK CHESTS THAT CONTAINED OVER THIRTY FIGURES, AND (ON LEFT) PART OF THE CANOPIC SHRINE WITH ONE OF ITS FOUR GUARDIAN GODDESSES.

This view of the interior of the Store Chamber in Tutankhamen's Tomb shows, *in situ*, the black, sinister-looking chests in which were housed the remarkable statuettes of the King and various divinities illustrated on other pages in this number. Altogether the chests contained over thirty figures intact and unharmed by robbers. The doors of the chests were fastened with cords and sealed. On top of them were model boats. The chief object in the chamber, the great Canopic Shrine, containing jars holding the King's viscera, has on its four sides beautiful statuettes of the goddesses Isis, Nephthys, Neith, and Selkit, and is surmounted by tiers of uraei (royal serpents). The whole shrine was illustrated in our issue of January 22 last.

Photograph by Mr. Harry Burton, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. (World Copyright Strictly Reserved.)

memories of the day when women had no vote, but were trying to get one.

The oddest reminder that I have had of those now dim occasions reached me while visiting the new excavations at Pompeii. The guide in whose charge I found myself pointed to certain inscriptions in the familiar red upon those two-thousand-year-old walls that are now only being brought out of their darkness. He spoke English. "Do you remember the Suffragettes in London?" he asked me suddenly. I looked at the inscriptions, and from them, as it were, back to a London that lay beyond the war, and I understood. Two thousand years ago there were local elections in Pompeii, and, speaking from a rostrum

Ostrich Feathers 3000 Years Old: Tutankhamen's Ivory Fan.

AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



WITH THE ORIGINAL OSTRICH FEATHERS COLLECTED BY TUTANKHAMEN IN HIS HUNTING EXPEDITIONS: HIS OWN FAN, FOUND IN THE STORE CHAMBER OF HIS TOMB, WITH A BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED HANDLE OF IVORY.

THIS unique ostrich-feather fan, here shown in all the beauty of its actual colours, was found in a treasure box in the Store Chamber, or Inmost Recess, opening out of the sepulchre in the Tomb of Tutankhamen. It was a fan for his own personal use. The handle is made of ivory inlaid with various pigments and encircled with bands of gold, and the terminal knob is of lapis lazuli glass. The ivory is slightly tinged with a yellow ochre hue, like an old billiard ball. All the colours of the ivory, inlay, and feathers are of a soft and delicate tint, and in no instance glaring. Both in form and decoration the handle is a piece

(Continued opposite)



of exquisite craftsmanship. But the most wonderful feature of the fan, of course, is the fact that it still has the original ostrich feathers which were collected by the young King himself during his hunting expeditions some 3200 years ago. The semi-circle of feathers next to the top of the handle is of a rich dark brown colour, while the upper feathers are of a light amber brown. The photograph of the interior of the Store Chamber shows the treasure boxes, of ivory and ebony, *in situ*. The fan was found in the furthest box, of white wood, with vaulted top. Near it is the head of the cow goddess, Meh-urit.

INCLUDING THE WHITE TREASURE CHEST (FAR END, CENTRE BACKGROUND) WHICH CONTAINED THE OSTRICH-FEATHER FAN: THE INTERIOR OF THE STORE CHAMBER—SHOWING ALSO THE HEAD OF THE COW-GODDESS MEH-URIT (SEE PAGE 731.)

Tutankhamen and the Leopard: A "Mystery" Figure from the Tomb.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



TUTANKHAMEN AS PASTORAL CHIEF OF THE SOUTHERN EGYPTIAN KINGDOM: A GOLD STATUETTE OF THE YOUNG KING ENTERING THE NETHER WORLD ON THE BACK OF A BLACK LEOPARD.

This beautiful statuette was among the treasures of ancient Egyptian art found in the Store Chamber, or Inmost Recess, which leads out of the actual burial-chamber in the Tomb of Tutankhamen. It represents the young King as the pastoral chief of the southern kingdom of Egypt, entering into the nether world on the back of a black leopard. The significance of this figure is unknown in Egyptian archæology.

A point of peculiar interest is the physical likeness, shown in this statuette, to Tutankhamen's father-in-law, the Heretic Pharaoh Akhenaten, who was also probably his father. The structural resemblance between the two was very remarkable when the mummy of Tutankhamen was unwrapped. Like his statues, it showed him to have been a slim youth with a large head.

The Cow Goddess Mehaurit: A New Tutankhamen Discovery.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



A FORM OF THE GODDESS HATHOR: THE COW GODDESS MEH-URIT, WITH GOLDEN HEAD SYMBOLIC OF THE SINKING SUN, AND BLACK NECK SUGGESTING THE VALE OF DARKNESS.

Among the recent discoveries in the Store Chamber, or Inmost Recess, of Tutankhamen's Tomb were some beautiful examples of ancient Egyptian sculpture. This finely modelled head represents, we are told, the cow goddess Meh-urit, a form of the goddess Hathor, who receives in her sacred mountain of the west the setting sun and the dead. The vale of darkness is symbolised by her black neck,

and the rays of the sinking sun by her golden head. The horns are made of copper. Like the figure of the black leopard illustrated in colour on another page in this number, the head of Meh-urit shows what skill the ancient Egyptian sculptors of some 3200 years ago had attained in the delineation of animals. The chamber containing the head is illustrated on page 729.



"THE BUTLER"

Man is happiest when dispensing good cheer. It calls for discrimination, and a real knowledge of the subtleties that make for happy friendship. In short, it calls for —

DEWAR'S

WHERE 35 HINDU PILGRIMS LATELY PERISHED: BATHING IN THE GANGES.



THE GREAT HINDU BATHING PILGRIMAGE DURING THE KUMBH MELA FAIR AT HARDWAR, MARRED BY A TRAGEDY AT THE RECENT CELEBRATION OF THE EVENT: THE SCENE AT A PREVIOUS PILGRIMAGE, SHOWING THE ZIGZAG JETTY FOR POLICE SUPERVISORS, WHOSE WEARING OF LEATHER BOOTS ON THE OCCASION THIS MONTH CAUSED RESENTMENT—(IN BACKGROUND) THE PERMANENT ENTRANCE BRIDGE.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SACRED BATHING-POOL IN THE GANGES AT HARDWAR, SHOWING PART OF THE GANGADWARA TEMPLE, ROUND WHICH SOME PILGRIMS SWIM SEVEN TIMES TO ACQUIRE MERIT: A SCENE AT A PREVIOUS PILGRIMAGE, DURING THE RECENT REPETITION OF WHICH 35 PEOPLE WERE CRUSHED TO DEATH.

The great Kumbh Mela Fair at Hardwar, in the United Provinces, which recurs every twelfth year, at the conjunction of Jupiter and Aquarius, was marred this year on its final day (April 13) by a distressing tragedy. A dense crowd of pilgrims in the streets, struggling to reach the sacred bathing-pool, was suddenly increased by the arrival of another train-load. A barrier erected to control the multitude was broken down, and over thirty people were crushed to death. One account gave 21 women and 15 men; another, 20 men and 15 women. On the previous day there had been trouble with a section of the pilgrims, who objected to the presence, on a jetty built out into the bathing-pool, of non-Hindu police supervisors wearing boots of leather, contrary to their religious scruples against the killing of cattle. It was also objected that the presence of these officials

offended the modesty of women bathers. The leader of the sect threatened passive resistance and even the destruction of the jetty. It was consequently arranged that officers should not go on to the bridge on the last day of the pilgrimage unless absolutely necessary, though most of the pilgrims recognised that supervision was in their own interests, to prevent accidents. Pilgrims from all over India had flocked to Hardwar for the occasion, and its normal population of 25,000 swelled to 500,000. The Government spent £30,000 on safety precautions, including special barriers, water supply, sanitation, electric lighting, and the service of 2000 police, 26 hospitals, and 23 doctors. Not a single soldier was used. The rush to be first in the sacred pool has always been dangerous. At the last Fair in 1915, there were 23 lives lost. In 1819, it is said, 430 people perished.

PERSONAL MATTERS: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE; A MEMORIAL; A MUSEUM.



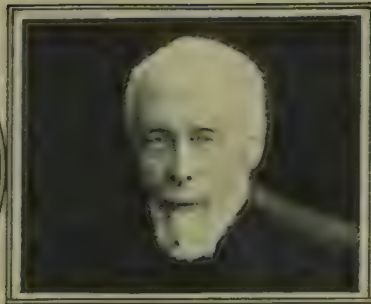
THE MEMORIAL TO THE DEAD AND MISSING OF THE FIRST DIVISION: AFTER THE UNVEILING
AT THE CROSS-ROADS AT LA GROISE, NEAR LE CATEAU



FIELD-MARSHAL VON MACKENSEN VISITING HIS OLD MASTER AT DOORN: THE FAMOUS
SOLDIER WITH THE EX-KAISER AND HIS WIFE.

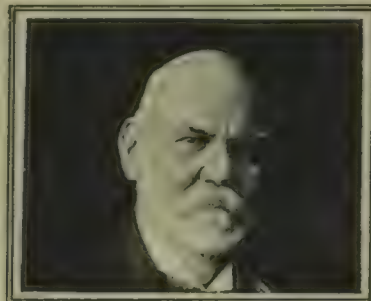


ADMIRAL SIR ERNEST RICE.
(Died, April 15; aged 87.) A gunnery expert and an able diplomat. Retired in 1905, after commanding Coast-guard and Naval Reserves.



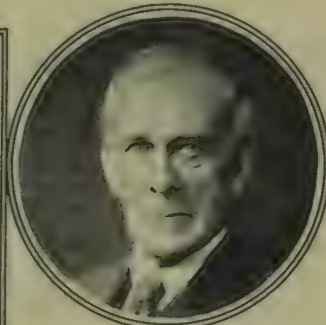
DR. ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

(Died, April 11; aged 89.) Famous leader in the reunion of the Scottish Churches. A former Moderator. Senior Minister, South United Free Church, Crieff.



SIR JAMES WALKER.

(Died, April 12; aged 82.) Banker, newspaper-proprietor and philanthropist. Formerly Mr. Rudyard Kipling's journalistic "Chief" in India.



SIR EDWARD POLLOCK.

Just retired from the post of Senior Official. Referee of the Supreme Court of Judicature, at the age of eighty-six.

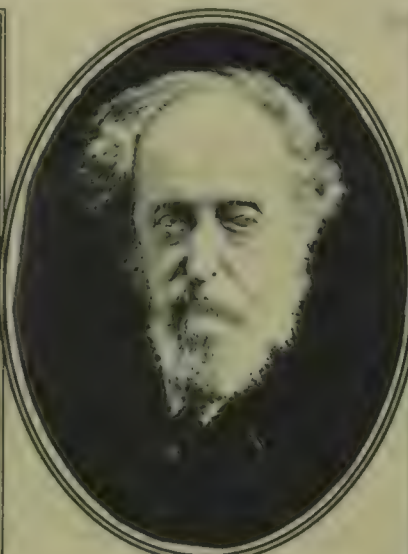


THE KING AT THE ARMY CUP ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL FINAL AT
ALDERSHOT: HIS MAJESTY SHAKING HANDS WITH THE R.A.O.C. ELEVEN.



MR. JOSEPH HARKER.

(Died, April 15; aged 71.) The famous scenic artist. Worked for Irving and Tree, and practically every important theatre.



MR. HENRY HOLIDAY.

(Died, April 15; aged 88.) Designer of stained-glass and mosaic. A Pre-Raphaelite in method. Painted the popular "Meeting of Dante and Beatrice."



OPENED BY THE KING ON APRIL 21: THE NEW NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES,
IN THE CATHAYS PARK, CARDIFF.

On April 16 Marshal Foch unveiled the Memorial to the Dead and Missing of the First Division of the Expeditionary Force (nearly twenty thousand in number), which stands at the cross-roads at La Groise, known as the Chapeau Rouge, near Le Cateau, at the spot where the Division was engaged at the beginning of the Great War and at its end. The dedication was performed by the Rev. C. L. Money-Kyrle, formerly Chaplain to the Division.—Amongst the various appointments held by Sir Ernest Rice were those of Vice-President Ordnance Select Committee, 1894-96, and Admiral Superintendent H.M. Dockyard, Portsmouth, 1896-99. He was at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir.—The Rev.

Dr. Archibald Henderson was Moderator of the General Assembly of the United Free Church, 1909, and Joint-Convener of the Committee on the Conference with the Church of Scotland, 1908-26.—Sir James (Lewis) Walker was a proprietor of the "Civil and Military Gazette," Lahore, when Kipling was on the staff and was writing "Plain Tales from the Hills" and other short stories, and he was a proprietor of the "Pioneer," Allahabad.—Mr. Joseph Harker, the famous scene-painter, was of the realistic school. He reproduced Nature—and reproduced it with perfect artistry—aided by his son and partner, Mr. Phil Harker, and by other sons.

GERMANY ENCOURAGES INTEREST IN NATIONAL DRESS: COSTUMES SHOWN.



AT THE COSTUME SHOW ORGANISED BY MAYORS: SPINNERS FROM SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE IN OLD-TIME NATIONAL DRESS, AND WITH THEIR WHEELS.



COSTUMES FROM BÜCKEBURG, THE CAPITAL OF SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE: PARTICIPANTS IN THE COSTUME SHOW ENCOURAGING INTEREST IN NATIONAL DRESS.



CARRYING "BRIDESMAID" DOLLS: GAILY COSTUMED CHILDREN FROM SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE.



COSTUMED FOR HOLY COMMUNION: A WOMAN OF SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE IN OLD-WORLD DRESS.



WITH A DOLL REPRESENTING A CHILD ABOUT TO BE CHRISTENED: "A BRIDESMAID."

Dress is so standardised in these drab and hustling commercial days that in Europe, at any rate, national costume has practically ceased to exist, save in the form of museum specimens and as attire to be worn on certain festal occasions. It is good to note, therefore, that Germany, always alive to the value of nationalism, is encouraging interest in old-time dress. Our photographs illustrate

the point. They were taken at Bad Neundorf, near Hanover, during a Costume Show organised by the Mayors of the neighbouring districts. The peasants came from Bückeburg, the capital of Schaumburg-Lippe, and from other parts of Schaumburg-Lippe, which, by the way, is rather smaller than Rutland, which is the tiniest county in England.

A GREAT MAORI WELCOME TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.



THE DUKE OF YORK, ACCOMPANIED BY A MAORI GUIDE, CROSSING A BRIDGE OVER THE HOT STREAM AT WHAKAREWAREWA.



THE ARAWA WAR MEMORIAL UNVEILED BY THE DUKE, SEEN, WITH THE DUCHESS, BESIDE THE REV. F. A. BENNETT DURING THE CEREMONY.



PAUL, A MAORI CHIEF, ENTERTAINS SAILORS OF THE "RENOWN" BEFORE THE ROYAL ARRIVAL, ON THE ROTORUA RACECOURSE.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS IN THE MAORI ROBES (MATS OF HUIA FEATHERS) WITH WHICH SIR MAUI POMARE (RIGHT) HAD INVESTED THEM: WALKING AMONG THE MAORIS ASSEMBLED IN ARAWA PARK.



INSPECTING THE CARVINGS IN A MAORI HOUSE: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) THE DUCHESS, SIR MAUI POMARE (THE MAORI MINISTER, EXPLAINING THE DESIGN), AND THE DUKE.



MAORI GIRLS DOING A POI DANCE BEFORE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK: A PICTURESQUE PERFORMANCE AT THE MAORI GATHERING IN ARAWA PARK.

Just before the trout-fishing expedition to Lake Taupo (illustrated on another page), the Duke and Duchess of York visited Rotorua, in North Island, New Zealand, and were greeted by the Maori Minister, Sir Maui Pomare, who presented the chiefs. On the following day (Sunday, February 27) they went to Whakarewarewa Park, through which they were conducted by Bella Papakura, whose sister Maggie had acted as guide to the King when, as Duke of Cornwall and York, he visited the park. They saw the big Pohutu geyser, giving a fine display, as well as the boiling mud pools, the Prince of Wales's Feathers, and other geysers. The veteran custodian of the reserve, named Mita, explained that the geysers were bubbling with joy to see the Duke and his beautiful Duchess. Later



MAORI WARRIORS PERFORMING A DANCE OF WELCOME TO THE ROYAL VISITORS: AN INTERESTING DISPLAY IN ARAWA PARK BEFORE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS.

they visited the Fairy Springs, where they saw countless rainbow trout in clear pools, as illustrated in our issue of April 2. On February 28 the Duke and Duchess attended a great gathering of some 1200 Maoris, representing every tribe in New Zealand, at Arawa Park, and Sir Maui Pomare invested them with mats of huiia (New Zealand starling) feathers as badges of rank. After the Duke had replied to an address by Mr. Coates, the Premier, and gifts had been exchanged, the various tribes performed their native dances, and finally chanted a farewell song as the Duke and Duchess walked along their ranks. Thence they proceeded to the Government Gardens, where the Duke unveiled the War Memorial of the Arawas, who had sent all their available men to the war.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AFTER NEW ZEALAND TROUT.



CROSSING A STREAM IN WADERS: THE DUCHESS OF YORK ON A TROUT-FISHING EXPEDITION IN NEW ZEALAND WATERS.



WITH HER SEVEN-POUNDER: THE DUCHESS OF YORK, IN WADERS AND MACKINTOSH, CARRYING A FINE SALMON-TROUT SHE HAD JUST CAUGHT ON AN EARLY MORNING EXPEDITION.



ROYAL ANGLERS IN NEW ZEALAND: THE DUKE OF YORK (IN FOREGROUND) AND THE DUCHESS, WITH THEIR ATTENDANTS, WADING IN THE TONGARIRO RIVER.



AN IDYLIC RETREAT FOR A FISHING EXPEDITION: THE ROYAL TENTS NEAR LAKE TAUPO—SHOWING WADERS HUNG OUT TO DRY.

During their tour of North Island, New Zealand, the Duke and Duchess of York spent several days in a fishing camp at Tokaanu, beside Lake Taupo, and enjoyed good sport after trout in the Tongariro River. As noted in our issue of April 2, where we illustrated some typical trout streams of the district, they were accompanied only by Lord and Lady Cavan and personal attendants. The Duke and Duchess both donned waders, and were at times nearly waist-high in the water. The Duke caught a number of trout, the largest weighing 8 lb., and the Duchess



THE ROYAL CATCH: TWENTY-ONE TROUT CAUGHT BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK DURING THEIR FISHING EXPEDITION ON THE TONGARIRO RIVER.

landed a seven-pounder. "The camp," said the "Rotorua Chronicle" at the time, "is ideally situated in a forest glade on the banks of the Tongariro River. A grove of Kowhai trees and tall Kahikatea embower the tents that house the royal visitors. The spot is completely secluded, and guards, at a discreet distance, are keeping prying visitors off." The Duke and Duchess were delighted with the simplicity of camp life, and the beauty of the surroundings. The tents were decorated with white and purple heather from the Tongariro National Park.

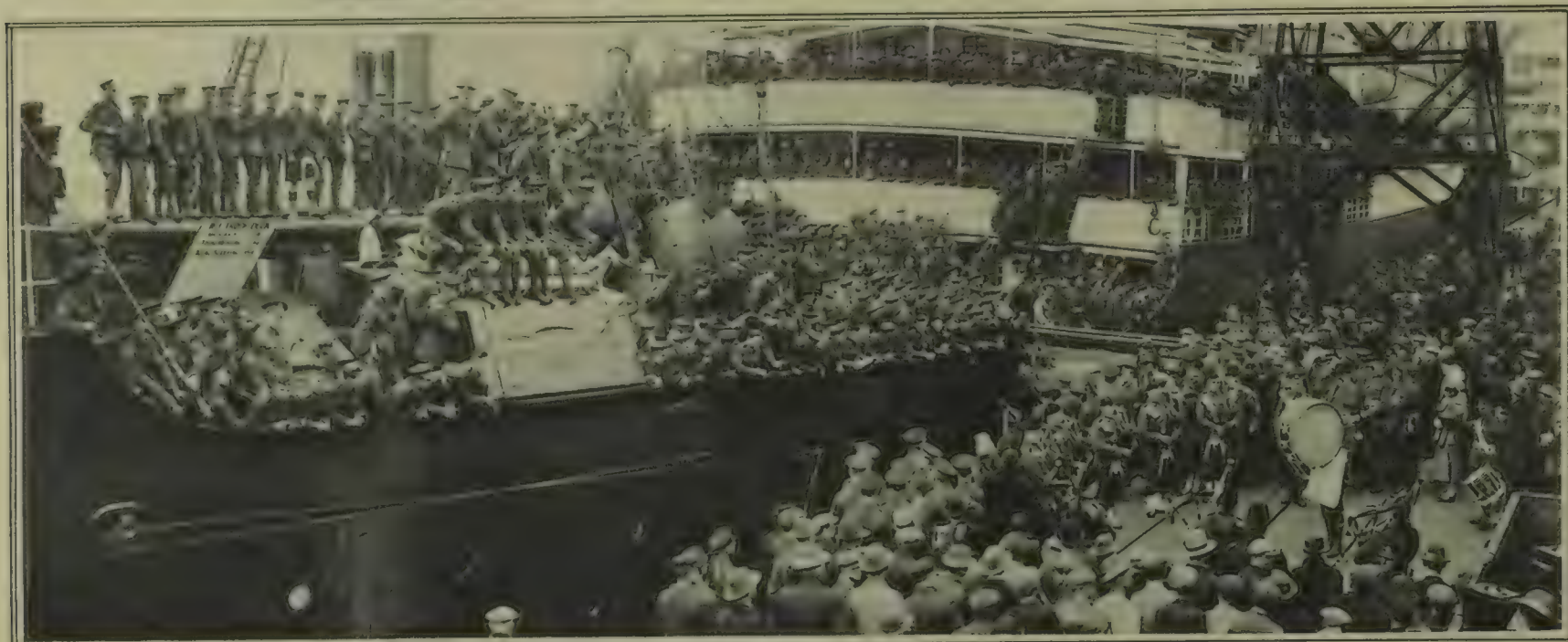
THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE EASTER AIR-RACE MEETING AT ENSBURY PARK RACE-COURSE, BOURNEMOUTH: A RACE IN PROGRESS BEFORE WHAT SIR SAMUEL HOARE HAS APTLY DUBBED AN "AIR-MINDED" CROWD.



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA MADE A BLOOD CHIEF BY VANCOUVER ISLAND INDIAN TRIBES: HIS EXCELLENCY AND LADY WILLINGDON IN A WAR-CANOE BEFORE THE CEREMONY.



REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE DEFENCE FORCE IN CHINA: THE TRANSPORT "CITY OF MARSEILLES" JUST BEFORE SHE SAILED WITH THE 2ND BATTN. SCOTS GUARDS ABOARD; SHOWING PIPERS OF THE 1ST BATTN. SCOTS GUARDS PLAYING ON THE QUAY.



A REMARKABLE MOTORING ACCIDENT TO A TAXI: THE CAB WHICH SWERVED AND PLUNGED INTO THE THAMES BEING DRAWN FROM THE RIVER.

The Easter Air-Race Meeting at Bournemouth opened on April 15 and was continued for three days. Apart from the actual racing, it was interesting for two other reasons—the fact that it showed that, in the words of Sir Samuel Hoare, "People are becoming more air-minded"; and, secondly, because of the curious incident which preceded the first day of flying, when shots from a sporting gun struck the Blackburn Bluebird, in which Squadron-Leader W. H. Longton was making a practice flight over the course.—Viscount Willingdon, the thirteenth Governor-General of Canada, has been made a Blood Chief by Indian tribes of Vancouver Island. Thus was repeated, after fifty years, a ceremony performed for the Duke of Argyll when he was Governor-General. His Excellency and Lady Willingdon, setting out in a war-canoe, visited the original sites of the fort which stood on the shores of the inner harbour at Victoria before going up the gorge



THE "CIVIL" FUNERAL OF AN EGYPTOLOGIST AMID EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES IN PARIS: THE COFFIN OF M. GEORGES BÉNÉDITE DURING THE CEREMONY IN THE LOUVRE.

for the actual investiture. The Indians concerned were from the Songhees, Saanich, and Malahat Reservations.—The 2nd Battalion Scots Guards sailed from Southampton for China in the "City of Marseilles" on April 11. Other troops aboard were two companies of the 2nd Battalion the Northamptonshire Regiment; a detachment of a newly formed Field Ambulance; and the Headquarters of the 15th Infantry Brigade.—A taxicab which was being driven along the towing-path at Walton-on-Thames struck a deep rut, swerved, and fell into the river. The strong current drove the passenger out through the window; but when the driver was last seen he was in his seat and, at the moment of writing, it is presumed that he has been drowned.—M. Bénédite died at Luxor a year ago; but his body has only just been brought back to France to be buried. The "civil" funeral took place amid the Egyptian antiquities of the Salle Henri Quatre in the Louvre.

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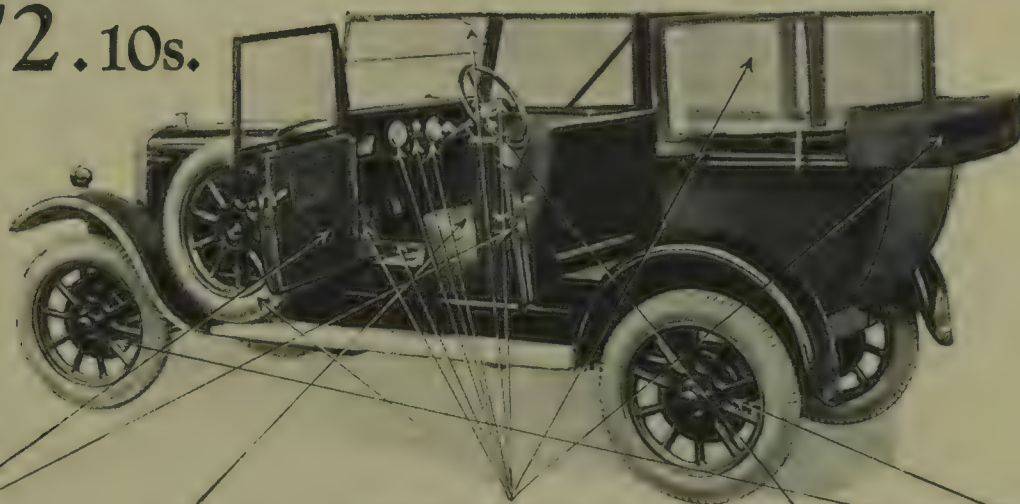
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1. WITH FIGURES OF BIRDS IN FLIGHT, REPRESENTING DEPARTED SPIRITS, SURMOUNTING POLES: BURMESE GRAVES.



2. HOW RIVERS AND GORGES ARE CROSSED IN THE HILL COUNTRY OF BURMA: A CANE SUSPENSION BRIDGE, 120 FT. LONG AND 50 FT. ABOVE A RIVER.



3. A LISU HUNTER WITH HIS "BAG"—A DEAD TAKIN, SHOT WITH CROSS-BOW AND POISONED ARROWS.



4. MARU GIRLS WEARING HEAVY BRASS EAR-RINGS AND SILVER NECK-RINGS.



5. KACHIN HUTS, WITH WOMEN WEAVING: DOMESTIC LIFE AMONG TRIBES AKIN TO THOSE VISITED BY THE SLAVE-RELEASING EXPEDITION AMBUSHED RECENTLY IN NORTHERN BURMA.



6. KACHIN WOMEN OF A CLAN IN THE TRIANGLE: TYPES IN THE REGION VISITED BY THE AMBUSHED PARTY.

Some of the Kachin tribes of the Triangle district, in Northern Burma, have recently acquired ill-fame by the murderous attack on one of two slave-releasing expeditions at work in their country. The first report of the affair was dated March 29, but full details have only lately been received. A message from Rangoon of April 10 said: "It now appears that Captain E. M. West, 2nd Batt. 3rd Queen Alexandra's Own Gurkha Rifles, lost his life as the result of a treacherous ambush." The military escort, which he was leading, was attacked in a ravine by some fifty Kachins, armed with muzzle-loading guns. Captain West was killed instantly by the first volley; two of his followers were also killed, and three wounded. A Lewis-gun was then

brought into action and cleared the ravine. A force was sent later to deal with those responsible for the attack. The other slave-releasing party has been working in the Naga Hills to the west of the Triangle. This party discussed with the Naga chiefs the abolition of head-hunting and human sacrifice. The going was difficult, in unexplored country, and they had to build a temporary bridge over the Tanai Gorge owing to heavy rains. In the Hukawng Valley, between the two recent spheres of operations, thousands of slaves were set free last year. There are many different tribes and clans, and it is not suggested that those here illustrated were in any way connected with the ambush. The full description of Photograph No. 1 is: "Fresh graves. The spirit of the departed is represented by a bird on the wing, in the act of flying away. The deceased's property—cross-bow, pipe, tobacco-box, and so on—is placed on the grave." In Photograph No. 8, it will be noted, one of the group of high poles is surmounted by a human head.



7. A PROCESSION OF ANGAMIS, IN FULL "WAR-PAINT," PASSING THROUGH A VILLAGE: A CEREMONIAL VISIT TO ANOTHER CLAN, MADE EVERY FEW YEARS.



8. THE "GOLGOTHA" OF A SOUTHERN SANGTAM VILLAGE: A GROUP OF BAMBOO POLES SURMOUNTED BY POTS CONTAINING PARTS OF HEADS, AND ONE WITH A COMPLETE SKULL.



"The year's at the Spring"—



A photograph showing the Buick Country Club Roadster. Note its long, low lines and striking good looks. The side locker is ideal accommodation for sports kit or baggage of any kind. The dickey seat, with its double-deck action, is remarkably spacious and comfortable; its price—

1415.

Companions of the Spring

THERE is a crispness in the sunny air, a keen, clear freshness that wakens within us something that has lately been asleep. Aroused, perhaps, by a cluster of dancing daffodils, by a hedgerow patch of bright-eyed primroses.

For the Spring is a time to be "up and doing"—a time of planning and action, to reap a little later the wonderful joys of an English Summer. Is there any nation so blessed as we in England in our Spring? What hedgerows so magically green as ours, what countryside so freshly sweet and beautiful, what streams so happy and enchanting?

Come away, then, to the very place of your heart's desire. Easy to reach are laughing fields, primrose-studded banks, wooded hills and deep, cool waters. No need even to wait for the week-end's respite; this very day you might spend in the heart of England's enchanting countryside. For modern science has favoured us with an amazing freedom, and perhaps the greatest asset of our time—a wonderfully companionable car.

You may take your friends even now to the links or the river or the moor; you have done with fatiguing walks and depressing railways; the whole of the open air, the freedom of the country, all the joys of all the seasons are yours.



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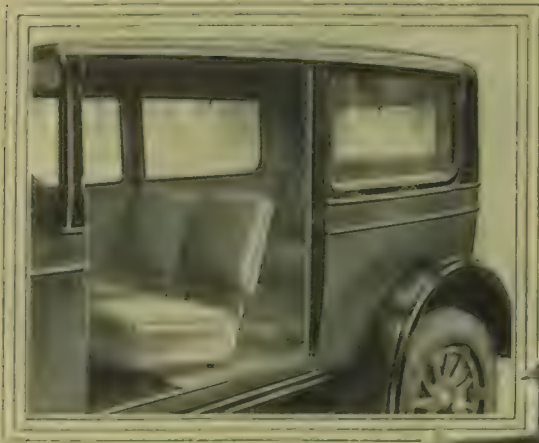
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Monarch 7-seater Tourer	£525
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Piccadilly 2-seater (wire wheels)	£550
Regent 5-seater Tourer	£560

The
Buick
Catalogue

If you will send us a post-card, a copy of the Buick catalogue, showing all models in full colours and giving full mechanical particulars, will come to you by return. This book is a mine of useful information about "The Greatest Buick ever Built."

GENERAL MOTORS LIMITED,
EDGWARE ROAD, THE HYDE, LONDON, N.W.9.



In the Buick Country Club Roadster, hood and rigid side curtains offer absolute protection in inclement weather. When not in use, the side curtains are stored in a squab behind the seat. The back of the hood is detachable for the convenience of dickey-seat passengers. Nickel-plated deck-bars protect the bodywork when the hood is lowered.

Fashions

Summer Frocks on the Stage.

"The Constant Wife," at the Strand, may look on the dark side of human nature, but it portrays the lighter side of clothes! The dresses are particularly interesting, for they are obviously the kind that will be seen everywhere during London's social season until the end of June. Miss Fay Compton makes her first appearance in a soft leaf-green ensemble. Her coat of charmaine has deep cuffs and revers of light beige fur, and beneath is a frock of the same shade worked all over in broderie anglaise, a *chef-d'œuvre* of beautiful handwork. Miss Evelyn Dane wears another summery creation, in a rather unusual colour scheme. The frock is grey georgette printed with light yellow flowers, and on the skirt are two tiers of plain grey georgette, matching the long scarf and balloon cuffs. Miss Heather Thatcher, as the siren, Marie Louise, displays quite a different genre of toilette. She has a neat, tight-fitting little coat of Chinese red marocain over a sleeveless jumper *en suite*, which is completed with a black skirt introducing a full central godet in front.

A Ranelagh Toilette.

Miss Fay Compton chooses for her visit to Ranelagh, a straight frock of peach-coloured filet lace with a cluster of silk roses in orange tints at one hip. Her large crinoline hat has a cluster of the same



These delightful spring frocks owe their charm to the Liberty fabrics of which they are made, printed in gay colourings and designs. They cost only a few shillings a yard, and the variations are infinite.

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM ARGUES THAT WIVES ARE NOT MORE CONSTANT THAN FASHION; BUT FASHION, JUST NOW, CONTINUES REMARKABLY FAITHFUL TO THE SAME SILHOUETTE.



Whichever way you look at it, a coiffure which has been permanently waved by Francis is always perfect in shape and silhouette, and looks always well groomed.

flowers above and below the brim at one side, and her coat is of peach georgette with fur dyed to the same shade. It is evidently an exceedingly hot day, for Miss Thatcher wears a diaphanous frock of apricot chiffon, high-waisted and plain in front, with the back of the skirt a mass of tiny frills. A handkerchief collar placed cornerwise and tied in a bow at one side completes the corsage. Miss Dane's toilette is significant, for it shows the daytime cloak, a full, graceful affair of georgette trimmed with two tiers of shaded fringe, two long scarf ends falling like stoles down the back. The more severe but very smart silhouette is shown by Miss Marda Vanne, the strong-minded sister. A study in black and white, the black coat-frock is absolutely straight, slit each side to reveal a white plissé underslip, and touches of white are added by a high collar and jabot and deep cuffs.

Pretty Liberty Fabrics for Summer Frocks.

There is always something a little different about Liberty fabrics, and the two which have been chosen for the pretty frocks above are the epitome of youth and sunshine. One is a Victorian print available in several attractive colours, and costs only 1s. 6d. a yard, 32 inches wide; and the other, a printed crêpe, is 3s. 6d. a yard, 38 inches



A group of jewelled novelties to be found at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent St., W. On the left is an enamelled vanity case, above a lorgnette and brooch of diamonds and platinum, and on the right a cigarette-box. The pearls are from their famous collection.

& Fancies

wide. Both are in perfectly fast colours, and the printed crêpe is uncrushable. Tana lawn, another variation, is specially recommended for children's washing frocks. There are printed voiles at 2s. 3d. a yard, 39 inches wide, with patterns and colourings designed in this firm's own studios, and every woman who is clever with her needle should invest in a few dozen yards and make a delightful summer trousseau at very little expense. By the way, useful ready-to-wear frocks of Yoru crêpe can be obtained for 2 guineas in several different styles.

Permanent Waving with a Personality.

There is so much similarity in the style of hairdressing nowadays that it is in the waving that personality appears. All the difference in the world lies between a head which is well or badly waved or waved in a style inappropriate to the profile. A past master in the art of adapting his successful method of permanent waving to suit every type of face is Francis, of Hanover Square, W. He achieves soft, natural waves which give the finishing touch to a perfect shingle. M. Francis invites all readers to a consultation with a qualified expert, who will give them free advice on the hygiene of the hair and scalp. By the way, new beauty-culture salons have just been opened by this firm under the same roof, and a staff of

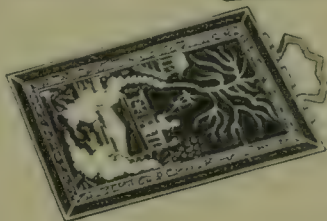


Soft becoming waves, which look perfectly natural, are achieved by the method of permanent waving used by Francis, the famous coiffeur, of 3, Hanover Square, W.

highly trained assistants carry out facial treatment, electrolysis, and chiropody.

Beautiful Jewels.

Nowhere in the world is there more beautiful jewellery to be found than at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, whose salons are at 112, Regent Street, W. Their collection of pearls is world-famous. Comparatively few people are fortunate enough to acquire all at once costly ropes of these gems, but many can take advantage of the splendid idea instituted by this firm and acquire the Add-a-Pearl necklace. You begin with one or more pearls on a platinum chain, and each year another can be added, though you are able to wear the necklace all the time. For children it is an inspiration, and each birthday and Christmas will help to complete a really beautiful necklace by the time they are grown up. There are also less costly jewelled luxuries, and a fascinating group is pictured on this page. On the left is a gilt and enamel vanity case shown open and closed, containing a scent-bottle, lipstick, and eye-brow pencil, powder-puff, etc. The lorgnettes and the pretty bow brooch are in diamonds and platinum. On the right is a cigarette-jar for the table with an ash-tray cover. This costs £1 13s. 6d., and is an exquisite example of English ceramic art.



THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE DESERT SONG," AT DRURY LANE.

DRURY LANE has got another success in "The Desert Song," a musical play that ought to rival "Rose Marie" in popularity. For one thing, it has a story and a hero of the right kind. Here is



THE OPENING OF A NEW LIGHT DEPARTMENT AT THE VICTORIA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN IN TITE STREET, CHELSEA: MRS. ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, WHO PERFORMED THE CEREMONY, WITH MR. A. G. FERARD, CHAIRMAN OF THE HOSPITAL.

a seeming "sheik" for hero who swings the French heroine across his saddle and gallops off with her into the desert. Give him a double identity, make of him a General's son who in his home appears half-witted and is an object of derision, but as the "Red

Shadow" in Arab dress and with a red mask heads a band of brigands in the Riff mountains, and who could resist so picturesque a figure? Then suppose the General to pursue and challenge the outlaw; make the father, that is to say, propose fighting his own son, and make the son, because he refuses, be branded a coward and sent into the waste without food and with sword broken, and surely here is drama also. Mr. Harry Welchman plays the hero's rôle with dash and emphasis. Miss Edith Day sings with customary clearness and lack of effort, and gives us a heroine who takes as naturally to perils as a duck to water. The two comedians, Gene Gerrard and Clarice Hardwicke, work admirably in concert, and there is capital work done in a quiet way by Mr. Leonard Mackay as the General. "The Desert Song" itself is sure to be whistled all over London. But though the music (by Sigmund Romberg) is pleasant, and the actors all score, the most telling effects are those secured in the dances done *en masse*, in which there is all the precision of drill and the ease of perfect artistry.

"THE DYBBUK," AT THE ROYALTY.

It is the supernatural element in Ansky's drama of Jewish life, "The Dybbuk," which lends it its distinction and constitutes its special appeal in the theatre. The story is one of young lovers severed on earth and united in another world. In a synagogue by night the boyish scholar Channon, and a girl on the eve of marriage, Leah, meet and fall in love silently, and Channon, on learning that she is betrothed, falls dead at the news. His spirit takes possession of the bride at the end of a quaint nuptial ceremony in which dancing and a group of mendicants have their place. At once the bride repels the bridegroom, and the Rabbi is persuaded to attempt to exorcise the lover's spirit. So we have a scene in a Rabbinical court wherein Channon's dead father is called up from the grave and convicts Leah's father of breach of faith in the bestowal of his daughter's hand. The spirit of Channon is cast out of the body

of Leah; but when the Rabbi comes to look for the girl, over whom an old nurse should be watching, the nurse is asleep and her charge has disappeared—gone to join the dead man she loves. Here, then, is a mixture of things spiritual and things mundane, and though the atmosphere of Jewish customs and Hassidic ritual is interesting enough in its way and admirably realised, it seems to the non-Jewish spectator to get into the way of, and obscure at times, the supernatural side of the play. But the piece was worth staging and is worth seeing, not only for itself, but for the acting of Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson, who suggests very beautifully and eerily the idea of possession. Mr. Michael Sherbrooke's Rabbi has power, if not sublimity; and Mr. Ernest Milton and many others give invaluable help.



A NEW PLACE FOR FASHIONABLE LONDON TO LUNCH AND DINE: THE RESTAURANT IN THE MAY FAIR HOTEL, WHERE AMBROSE AND HIS BAND WILL PLAY EVERY DAY.

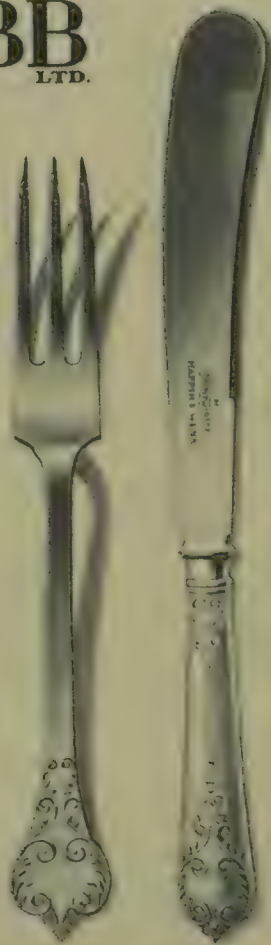
The new May Fair Hotel, in Berkeley Square, is a splendid addition to the amenities provided for London society this season. The hotel was recently inspected by the King and Queen (as noted under the colour illustration in our issue of April 2), and their Majesties were especially interested in the fact that the building is constructed entirely of British materials. The colour scheme of the restaurant is light blue, with furniture of polished sycamore.

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30 H.P. Enclosed Drive Limousine .. £1,250



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

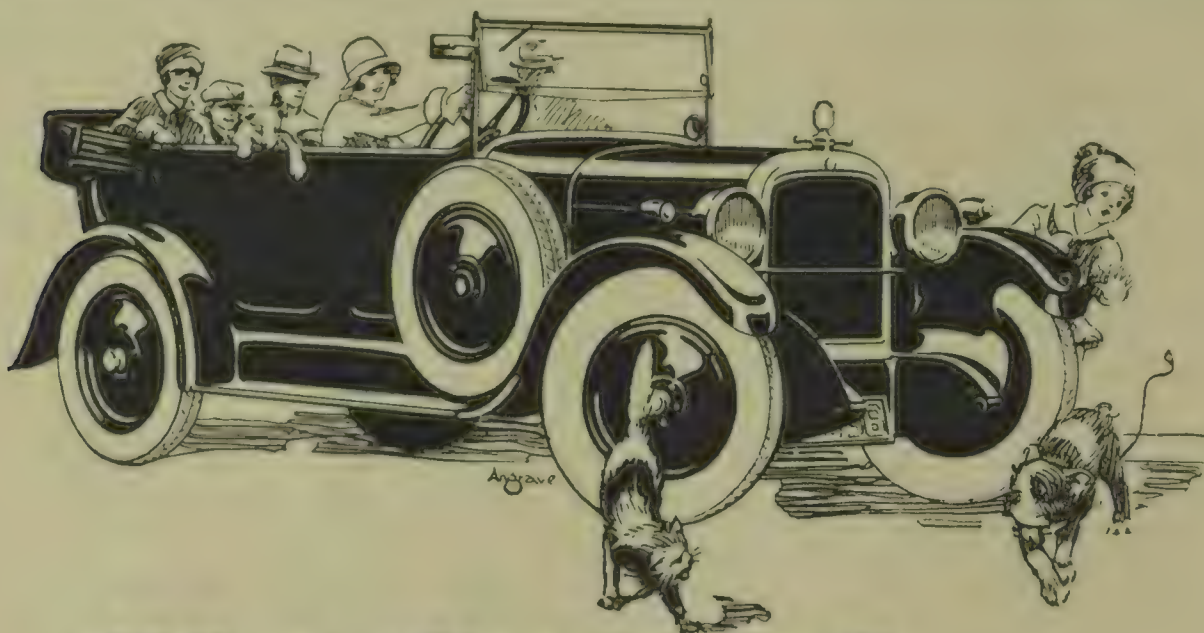
A FINE SMALL CAR.

THESE new cars which makers from all over Europe are thrusting at us every day are really very difficult things to deal with from the point of view of the critic. It was only a week or two ago that I explained at considerable length on this page why it was that most people in their hearts preferred very large cars. I was at some considerable pains to show that a large, slow-running engine was a very much more comfortable and pleasant source of power than any other kind. I made it clear that the large long chassis simply spelt luxury in its highest form. I do not think I left it in doubt that, if you want to get big results without discomfort, trying for them in a big car is as good a way as any other.

Since then I have tried a car which, without exactly refuting all these arguments, brings me back again to the starting point—"Would you rather have a very good small car or a very good big car?" It was a very small car from the point of view of engine size, and a rather small one from the point of view of body-work, but from every other point



THE DODGE BROTHERS' SEVEN-PASSENGER TOURER, COMBINING "HIGH CAPACITY AND LOW PRICE":
A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN CAR DESIGNED SPECIALLY FOR USE IN OTHER COUNTRIES.



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To operate your vehicle daily, year after year, without interruption

To establish mileage records of 100,000 miles or more To divide your total mileage by all expenditures for petrol, tyres, repairs, etc., and find your cost per mile is much lower than other owners . . . that is economy.

And it is this economy, plus attractive appearance, with unusual roominess and comfort, that is responsible for the ever increasing popularity of Dodge Brothers Motor Car among discriminating buyers.

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CARS



Adequate power for Safety,
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of view it was a large one. Quite frankly, I would not have believed that just those results were obtainable from just that kind of engine and chassis.

The car is the 10-h.p. Schneider, quite one of the most surprising machines I have ever driven. Its four-cylinder engine is absurdly small, the bore and stroke being 63 by 94, and the annual tax £10. When you open the bonnet, you are literally amazed at finding so tiny a unit underneath it. Not only is it small, but, owing to the fact that the makers, like one or two others of the most progressive to-day, rely for efficiency on the side-by-side valve instead of the overhead type, it positively looks dull.

The rest of the plant consists of an excellent four-speed gear-box, which is rather highly geared, and, having a particularly good clutch, and consequently, a very easy gear-change, is meant to be used; an open propeller-shaft, and an orthodox back axle. The suspension is by semi-elliptic springs fore and aft, assisted by shock-absorbers. Very large low-pressure tyres are fitted. The engine is cooled on the thermosyphon system; the carburettor is a Solex, and ignition is by magneto.

The main point about the behaviour of this really delightful little car upon the road is its extraordinary willingness. The engine balance is something quite out of the ordinary for its class; a quality which results in instant acceleration, practically no hesitation throughout the entire range, and a general lightness of touch which one would not associate with a car of this size. What I mean by this is that it will respond to the slightest movement of the throttle, and respond generously, much as a first-class car of twice the horse-power or more will respond. It is really most difficult to believe that the specification does not lie, and that the bore and stroke are not considerably larger.

There used to be a catch-word a year or two after the war in motordom, "20 horse-power for 10," but I have never yet known it so nearly to be true as in this case of the Schneider. With a light four-seated body, no more cramped or uncomfortable than some of its type, and considerably better than others, you can, whenever you like, and with no trouble at all, get 55 miles an hour on the level, 40 on third, and well over 30 on second, and you will do these things without noticing any protest from the engine. I consider that the behaviour in this respect of this most interesting little car deserves the high epithet "graceful." There is grace in every movement. It is not only that that ridiculous little engine most successfully persuades you that it is at least twice its size, but that the car

(Continued overleaf.)



A GEAR IN HAND!

The motorist who changes over from ordinary petrol to Pratts, finds often enough that he can negotiate his pet hills on a gear higher than before. For power on hills always fill up with—

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IN these little talks the Directors of PASS and JOYCE Ltd. discuss various matters that intimately concern every car-buyer. Motorists and prospective motorists are cordially invited to "listen-in" and gain some useful inside information.



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Mr. JOYCE: "I had two very interesting chats with buyers this morning. One wished to pay about £150, the other about £700. In each case I recommended an Austin."

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Mr. JOYCE: "That's because the Austin Company are the actual manufacturers of every part except electrical equipment. My connection with the Company, studying their cars and methods, made me an Austin enthusiast for life."

Mr. PASS: "Yes, I certainly believe that with our experience and resources, we can offer Austin buyers greater satisfaction than they can obtain anywhere else."

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- Impartial and expert advice on all leading makes of cars.
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(Continued.)

sits on the road as if it weighed twice as much, and when you are driving it, you feel twice the comfort that you would normally expect.

It has faults, but they are faults which can be corrected. For example, the tyres, to my thinking,

be in the least surprised if the faults I had to find with the Schneider steering could not be practically cured by fitting a larger wheel. Another point I had to find fault with was that there was not enough range of advance on the magneto. I thought this decidedly a pity, as, with an engine so unusually efficient, an opportunity seems to have been wasted to improve it without much trouble. These, however, are the only complaints I have to make.

The suspension is, for the size and weight of the car, particularly good, and really bad surfaces can be taken at high speeds without any discomfort and without any loss of road-holding. This rather rare quality (in small cars), combined with the ease with which you can reach figures approximating to sixty miles an hour on top, and its general liveness, make it an unending pleasure to drive. In the battered old phrase, the Schneider could probably "show a clean pair of heels" to anything anywhere near its size. In the newer, and possibly richer, phrase, "She gets away with it." The quite

decently comfortable and particularly nice-looking light English-built four-seater costs £325.—JOHN PRIOLEAU.

Mr. C. E. Newbegin, a director of the centuries-old firm of Crown jewellers, Messrs. Garrards, of Albemarle Street, is ambitious to raise a special fund of £5000 in order to make the declining years of a very deserving class of English craftsmen a trifle easier.

Mr. Newbegin is not only one of the most highly esteemed business men in the West End, but he is president of the Silver Trade Pension Society of England, which is arranging to hold a festival dinner in May, at which subscriptions will be received from the generous-minded on both sides of the Atlantic. The society, founded in 1836, chiefly by Samuel Dimes, an actual craftsman, is essentially a thrift movement, and all the applicants for benefits have, during their working years, been subscribers to it. In a letter of appeal Mr. Newbegin says: "We have at present eighty-one pensioners, forty males and forty-one females, and a candidate list of thirty-six, out of which only nine can be elected, although each candidate is eligible and worthy; the pension averages



THAT "NEW STAR IN MOTORDOM!" THE COPPEN ALLAN SHOW-ROOMS AT 205-7, GREAT PORTLAND STREET—"A MINIATURE OLYMPIA."

The secret of the mysterious star advertisements which have appeared recently is now revealed. The "new star in motordom" proves to be the palatial new show-rooms of Coppen Allan and Co., now open to the public. During the opening week from April 4 to 9 the car-buying public were invited to fix their own deferred terms. An audacious offer indeed, and an opportune one just before Easter. This miniature Olympia of Great Portland Street, housing over 150 cars, including thirty different makes, is certainly worth a visit, for here is revealed the cream of all that motordom has to offer for the open road in 1927.

are either too big for the steering or the steering has not been adapted to deal with such a big section. The steering is excellent at high speeds, but distinctly heavy at low. Furthermore, the steering-wheel is too small. I wonder why makers, especially during the last year or two, have begun to return to that detestable habit of fitting small steering-wheels? The difference in comfort to the driver between an 18-inch and a 16-inch or 15-inch wheel has to be experienced to be believed. I should not



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'The purchase of a Rolls-Royce is an investment rather than an extravagance. No other car made enjoys such a small depreciation in value with the passing of years, and after the hardest of use there will always be a ready market for a car that never seems to grow old.'

LIVERPOOL JOURNAL OF COMMERCE
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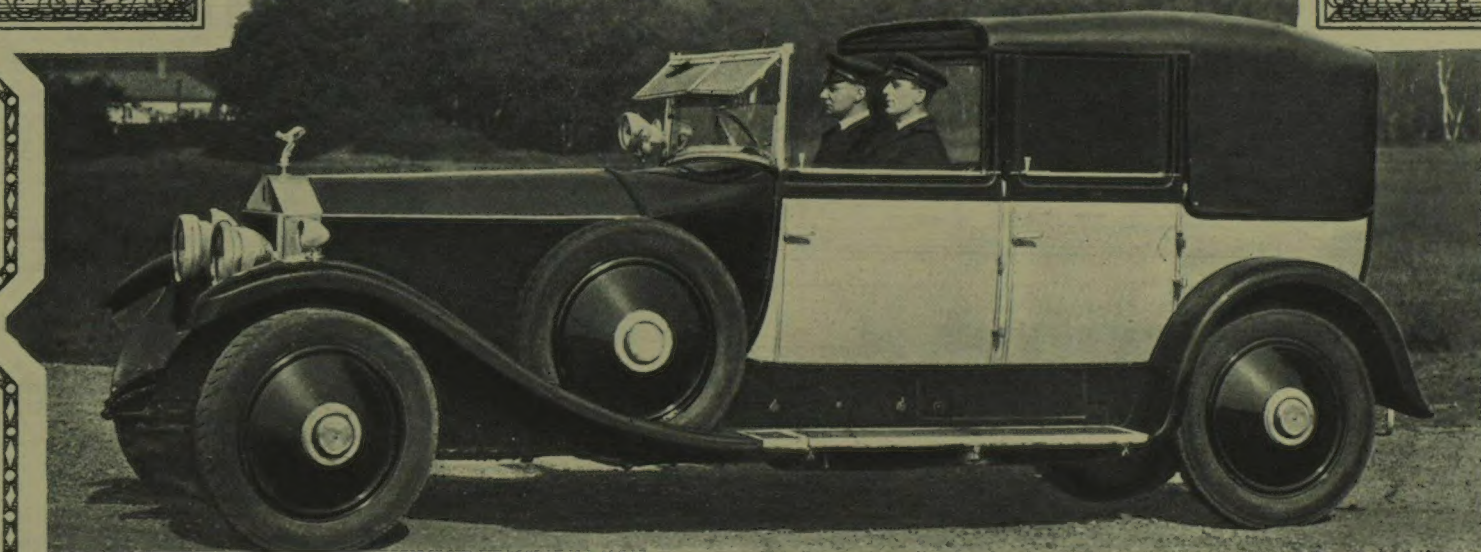
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H.M. THE LATE QUEEN ALEXANDRA



H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES.

THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

"FOR THE DEFENCE."

AT a dinner recently given in her honour, Mme. Karen Bramson, the distinguished Danish author, whose play, "Tiger-Cats," will be remembered for its strength and frankness, was invited to speak on the theatrical situation of to-day. In the course of her speech, Mme. Bramson levelled some trenchant criticism at the spirit of the age, and deplored the lost ideals, the waxing materialism, on both sides of the footlights. Seeking to find some reason for the present generation's lack of taste, its pleasure in negroid dances, its frenzied hunt after sensationalism, Mme. Bramson finds yet another stick where-with to belabour that scapegoat of the arts, the kinema. She is of opinion that its "stupid, trivial, and sentimental stories, the thrilling heroisms of a Douglas Fairbanks, its emotional crimes," influence millions of people, old and young. It "reveals to the young all the secrets of nature. It robs their imagination of beauty and of power." In underlining this last reflection, I adhere to the newspaper report of the brilliant writer's speech, and I assume that this is a point particularly emphasised by the speaker.

That the enormous reach of the kinema is a serious factor, to be seriously reckoned with, is patent to all thinking individuals. But that its influence is so pernicious as its detractors would have us believe, I would venture to contest. Nor can I agree with Mme. Bramson that it despoils the young of their imagination. I should have rather said that it stimulates imagination, urging it along paths by no means devoid of "beauty and of power." Admittedly a great number of films are launched which have neither artistic nor moral value, but such films are not the "winners" of the kinema. They do not last; they are never revived. Moreover, the output of really undesirable films is undoubtedly on the wane.

There is a force in life which may ebb and flow, changing its form of expression according to the manners of the moment, but which is never really ousted and therefore must be recognised. It is the unquenchable yearning implanted in human nature for romance, for sentiment—even sentimentalism, if you will—and for the thrills that are absent from everyday life. The very fact of the growing materialism

Mme. Bramson deplores—a materialism which has its roots in strata too deep for hasty speculation—this growing materialism is in itself the reason for the kinema's popularity and for its necessity. The opposition, if I may thus label the anti-kinema party, forgets that in pre-kinema days the people, especially young people of both sexes and older members of the feminine sex, fed their romantic appetites on penny novelettes, seaside literature of the most trashy and sentimental description, and weekly papers that invited youth into a world of adventurers, pirates, and swashbucklers, who were the humble forerunners—how infinitely less artistic!—of Douglas Fairbanks and his kin. The coming of the kinema has reared a formidable rival in the path of the "tuppence coloured" scribes, but I cannot see disaster in that, except to a certain class of story-writers. Unfortunately, the wheels of evolution, like the car of Juggernaut, must always crush some victim in their tracks.

Now, the kinema, because of its vast possibilities, its power, and its unlimited field, is exciting the interest and the co-operation of a great number of responsible and intellectual people, who never would have bothered about the penny novelette. The strides that have been made of late years in every department of film-making are stupendous. They cannot be swept aside by a few generalisations on certain aspects of pictorial drama. The greater public has always been a slow-moving body—slow, that is to say, in response to artistic advance—and commercialism, yielding as it always does to what it thinks the public wants, is ever in conflict with art. But the artistic producer is making himself felt in an ever-growing degree. As his strength grows, so, too, will the level of screen-stories rise. I have noticed that lay criticism of screen-plays as well as of screen-technique is far more acute amongst the average kinema-goers of to-day than it used to be. Nor am I thinking of the inner circle of Londoners, whose taste may be regarded as more fastidious, generally speaking, but of the thousands of relaxation-seekers easily moved to laughter or to tears by "movies." Even here, the grains of discrimination are weighting the chaff.

"The stupid, trivial, and sentimental films" referred to by Mme. Bramson still exist, no doubt, but their waning strength cannot call a halt to such serious contributions as those of the British

Instructional Film Co., or such fine individual efforts as Ponting's evergreen chronicle of Captain Scott's South Pole expedition or Cherry Kearton's delightful studies of African big game. Coming under the heading of "Educational films," all these have, nevertheless, proved popular "winners" all over the country. Captain Knight's "Golden Eagle" film is filling the Polytechnic Theatre, and actually providing a stimulus to the imagination with its beauty of movement and of setting.

This same quality of imagination, generally supposed to be a universal attribute of youth blunted in later life by material cares—and, if we believe the Danish authoress, by the baneful kinema—is not, in my opinion, so generously bestowed on all youngsters. If it were so, the "composition classes"—painful memory of our schooldays—would not continue to yield so poor a crop, nor would the make-believe of children be so largely imitative. Their elders are, indeed, far better hands at make-believe when they overcome their perception of its futility, and the finest fairy-tales have emanated from mature brains. Douglas Fairbanks, to take the one name of the kinema world that the speaker mentions, has the imagination, the sense of beauty both in line and in action, of a true artist. If he is clever enough to bring all this before the public in a popular form, judiciously surrounding his decorative values with sentiment and adventure, I maintain he is doing a similar service to art as did the dances of ancient Greece.

The romanticists of the screen—aye, even the galloping cowboys with all their exhilarating heroics thick upon them—are, in fact, a tonic to the imagination, just as are the vistas of distant countries and the glimpses of foreign trades. Reading is for the leisurely, and we are no longer leisurely. That may be a pity, but it is a fact. The kinema, cramming a lifetime into a couple of hours, is the reflection of a swifter age—an age of peoples "speeded up" by the inventions of man to an incredible pace and to the keenest competition. For the need of relaxation is greater than ever, and the "moving picture" satisfies that need. If in its turbulent infancy it makes mistakes, if in its wide realms it includes unscrupulous elements, its achievements are so great and so progressive that the wise should seek to encourage it for its merits rather than to condemn it on its faults.

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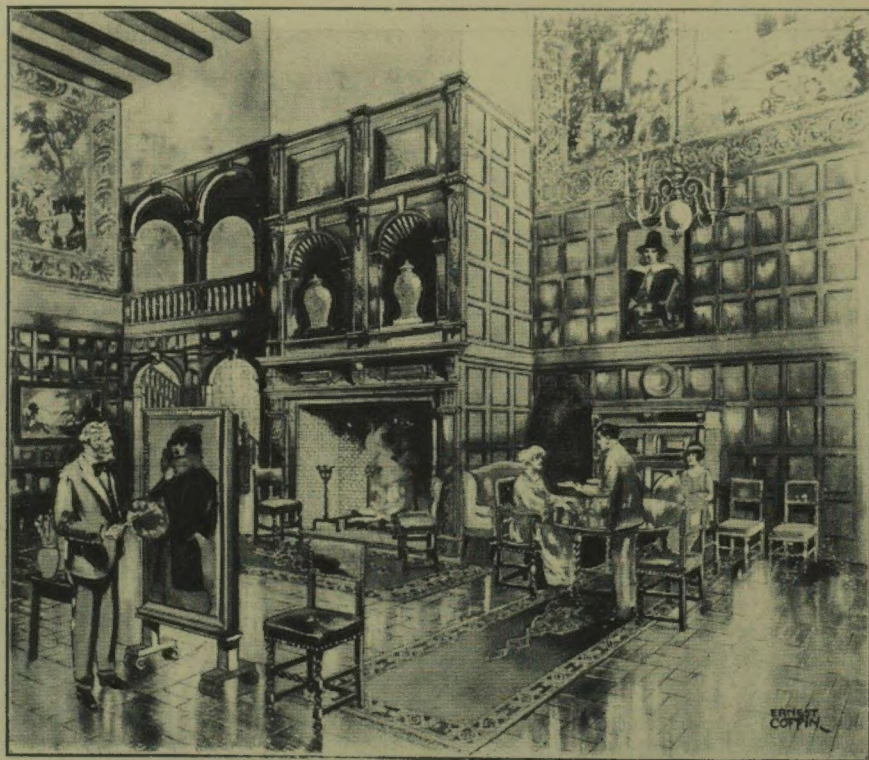
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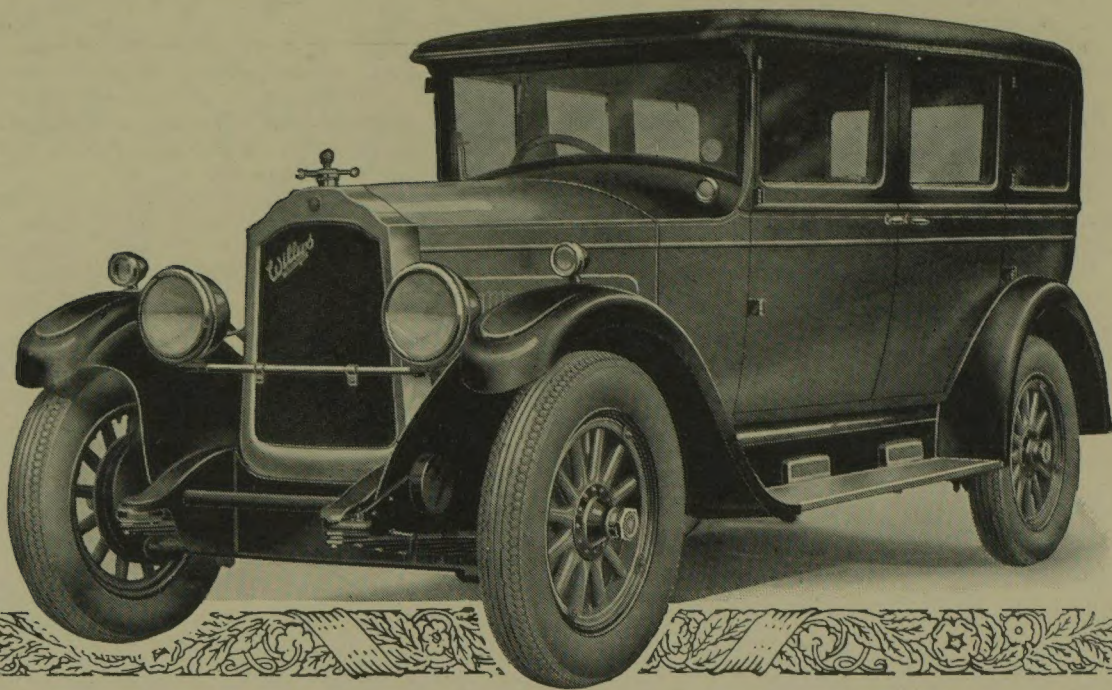
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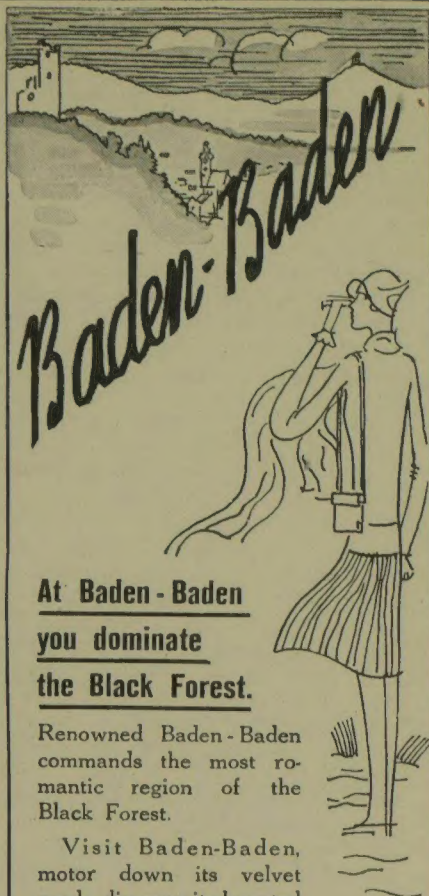


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THE SECRETARY OF STATE. By STEPHEN MCKENNA. (Thornton Butterworth; 7s. 6d.)

"The Secretary of State" is the second part of "The Realists," and to know the end of Ambrose Lord Sheridan's affairs you must look for the last volume of the trilogy. He first appeared, you will remember, in "Saviours of Society." Here he bestrides the political world, and is depicted by Mr. McKenna as a ruthless, passionate, and still soaring great man. He has taken Auriol from her true love, Max Hendry, and the curtain rises—we use the

theatrical term advisedly—on Max in exile at Valparaiso, making good with a nitrate combine. Of course, he returns to London—how could a McKenna hero keep away from modern society?—and, of course, he is drawn back into the Sheridan circle and Auriol's company. Her attitude towards Ambrose as uxorious husband and as superman is very well done. It carries conviction, which Sheridan himself does not always do. That business of the Rushworth baby. . . . But still, such things might be. Bullies (and Sheridan is a bully) do have this hysterical strain; their very brutality comes from an unstable nervous balance. The fevered people of "The Secretary of State" are very much alive, and their actions and reactions command one's interest, whether the inner ring of politics is as Mr. McKenna describes it or not. It is a good novel, well suited to the taste and feeling of the present day.

PAPILLÉE. By MARCUS CHEKE. (Faber and Gwyer; 5s.)

Messrs. Faber and Gwyer's authors are the moderns, and not less the moderns when, as in "Papillée," the story is a reconstruction of the life of the Directoire. Marcus Cheke dresses up his tale with meticulous care, in the costume of the period; but his studied manner and his sidelong glances at his audience are obtrusively clever. "Papillée" is a delicately written little affair, precious, and spiced with an agreeable irony, and very exact in avoiding the vulgar touch of actuality. It presents the artificial graces of the age it deals with.

Mr. Cheke is to be congratulated on producing the effect he aims at to a nicety.

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The *Jolly Magazine*, which incorporates the *Sovereign* and *Regent* magazines, has just made its début, and offers a marvellous sevenpennyworth of fiction and fun. It is a Hutchinson production, and represents wonderful value. It is, in fact, one big laugh from cover to cover, and offers such good things as "Jolly Laughs with Famous Comedians," to which Mr. W. H. Berry, Mr. A. W. Baskcomb, Mr. Jack Buchanan, Mr. Nelson Keys, and other famous folk contribute. There are stories by Richmal Crompton and Ethel Mannin; an article "About the Policeman," written and illustrated by Bateman; a contribution by Stephen Leacock; and a host of other delightful pictures and articles.

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